

T H E
W O R K S

Of the REVEREND

EDWARD YOUNG, LL. D.

RECTOR of *Wellwyn* in *Hertfordshire*,

A N D

CHAPLAIN in Ordinary to His MAJESTY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:

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Λ
P O E M
ON THE
LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Venit summa dies. — — VIRG.

V E R S E S
TO THE
A U T H O R.

NOW let the *atheist* tremble; thou alone
Canst bid his conscious heart the Godhead
own.

Whom shalt thou not reform? O thou hast seen,
How God descends to judge the souls of men!
Thou heardst the sentence, how the guilty mourn,
Driv'n out from God, and never to return?

Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature sunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou sawst the boundless ruins of the world.

When guilty *Sodom* felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The *patriarch* thus, the fiery tempest past,
With pious horror view'd the desert waste;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
For ever rising from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh! what heav'nly pleasure tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well!
How wast thou pleas'd the wond'rous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could rise so high?
Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?

But thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verse:
O thou hast pow'r the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm!
To fix the soul on GOD; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By stricter rules well-govern'd life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Coll.

Q 2072

T. WARTON.

To a LADY, with the LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, sacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The prospect of a future state unfold :
The realms of night to mortal view display,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring muse,
With gen'rous zeal a nobler flame pursues :
Religion's cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright ideas fires ;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the strait limits of mortality,
To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar
Where only MILTON gain'd renown before ;
Where various scenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

Thus did the muses sing in early times,
Ere skill'd to flatter vice, and varnish crimes :
Their lyres were tuned to virtuous songs alone,
And the chaste poet, and the priest, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant state,
They soothe the wanton pleasures of the great :
And from the press, and the licentious stage,
With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age ;
Deceitful charms attract our wond'ring eyes,
And specious ruin unsuspected lyes.
So the rich soil of *India's* blooming shores,
Adorn'd with lavish nature's choicest stores,

8 *To a LADY with the LAST DAY.*

Where serpents lurk, by flow'rs conceal'd from sight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.

These purer thoughts, from gross alloys refin'd,
With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind :
Not fram'd to raise a giddy short-liv'd joy,
Whole false allurements, while they please, destroy ;
But bliss resembling that of saints above,
Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty love :
Firm, solid bliss, for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you ;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your sparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
By these secur'd, you will with pleasure read
" Of future judgment, and the rising dead ;
" Of time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'er-
thrown ;
" And gasping nature's last tremendous groan."
These, when the stars and sun shall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd-form restore :
Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

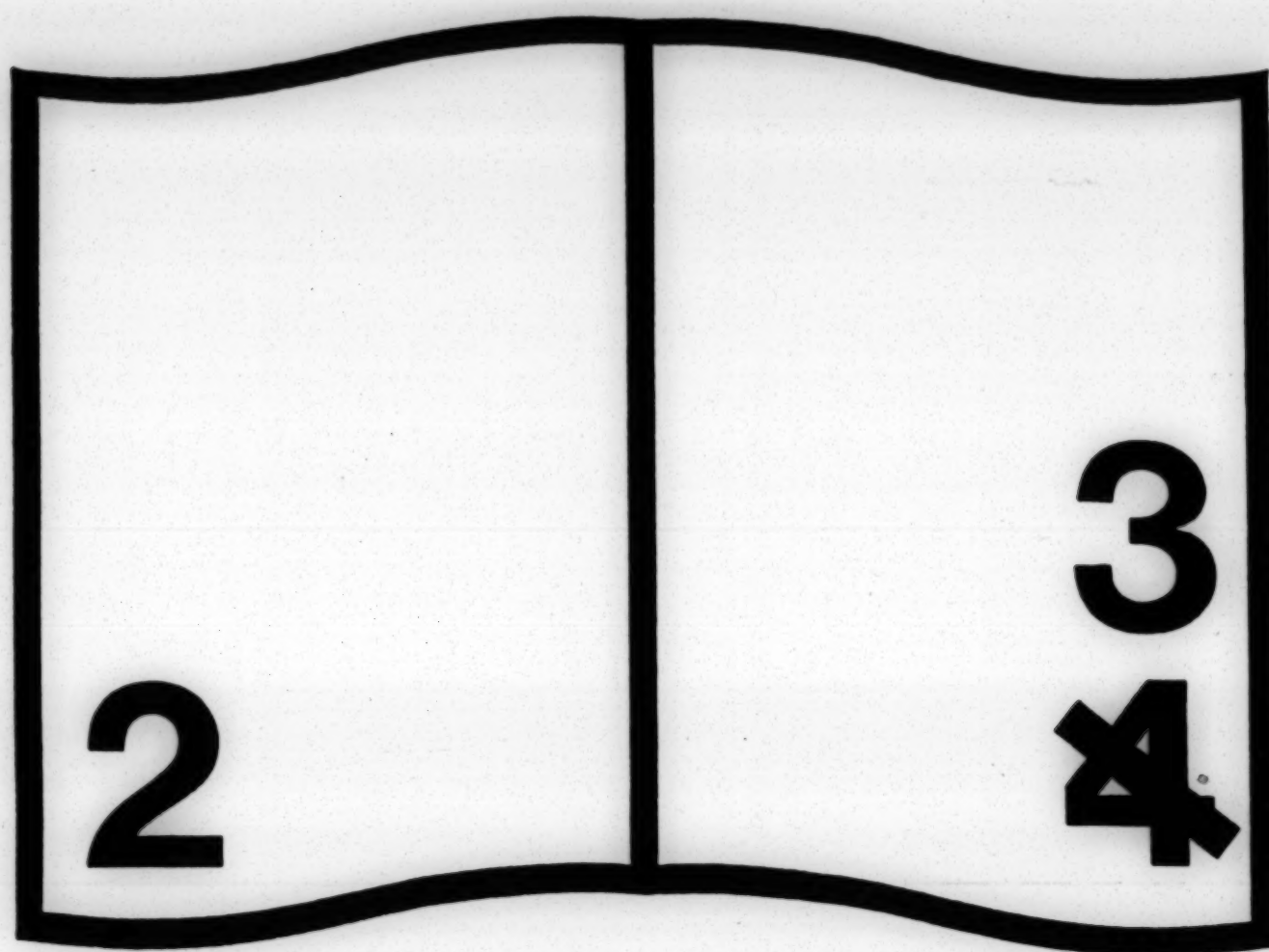
Pemb. Coll.

Oxon.

T. TRISTRAM.

To the AUTHOR,
On his LAST DAY and UNIVERSAL
PASSION.

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial bard, seraphic YOUNG ?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this spacious glorious round ?
Yon lamps of night, must they decay ?
On nature's self destruction prey ?
Then fame, the most immortal thing
Ev'n thou can't hope, is on the wing.
Shall *Newton's* system be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd ?
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more ?
Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From *Pope's* and thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue lose their name
In deathless joy, or endless shame ?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen ?
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For *Homer, Horace, Pope, or thee* ?
Thro' life we chase, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like *Sodom's* fruit :
And sure, thy plan was well design'd,
To cure this madness of the mind ;



**INCORRECT
NUMBERING**

First, beyond time, our thoughts to raise;
Then lash our love of transient praise.
In both, we own thy doctrine just;
And fame's a breath, and men are dust.

1736.

J. BANCKS.

T H E
L A S T D A Y.

B O O K I.

*Ipse Pater, media nimborum in nocte corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere ferae, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.—— VIRG.*

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great;
Empire, and arms, and all the pomp of state;
With *Britain's* hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire;
I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'er-
thrown,

And gasping nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's antient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.

'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,

* The duke of Marlborough.

Is far beneath my daring : I look down
On all the splendors of the *British* crown.
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound ;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around !
Oh ! all ye angels, howloe'er disjoin'd,
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays,
'Tis your *eternal king* I strive to praise.

But chiefly thou, great Ruler ! Lord of all !
Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall ;
If at thy nod, from discord and from night
Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
Exalt even me ; all inward tumults quell ;
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel ;
To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
And raise my labouring soul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft ; view ev'ry grace
In GOD's great offspring, beauteous nature's face :
See spring's gay bloom ; see golden autumn's store ;
See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean rore.
Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind bound navies sail.
Here, forests rise, the mountains awful pride ;
Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide :
There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes in their beds :
There, to the skies aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets ; of fleets the pride,
See *Europe's* law, in *Albion's* channel ride.
View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd,
Or view in *Britain* all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise;
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? the labouring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year controul:
They shine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray:
See this grand period rise, and that decay:
So vast, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace
With golden pomp the throng'd ethereal space;
So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:
The tract forgot where constellations shone,
Or where the *Stuarts* fill'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth:
While other *Bourbons* rule in other lands,
And (if man's sin forbids not) other *Annes*:
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,

Thoughtless as those who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun.

(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nations, hear and shake!)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend,
Eternal mountains like their cedars bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread,
Darkness the circle of the sun invade;
From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note: the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh powerful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal thro' the sky,
Tho' God's whole enginery discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd? and shall not man beware?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind.
None are supinely good: thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.

This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best ;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
The conscious soul would this great scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread;
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead ;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake ;
Engag'd with angels, she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land :
Not prosper'd worlds her ardor could restrain,
And death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain ;
Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
And danger serve but to supply delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
Whence flow the terrors of that DAY I sing ;
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake :
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes ;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The last extremes of terror and despair;
Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackest moment since the world began!

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state;
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey prest;
A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring:
Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those wat'ry worlds to sink, or swell:
Around her some their splendors to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No sun in radiant glory shines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the sky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
And all into a second chaos tost:
One universal ruin spreads abroad;
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth, thy fate: what then canst thou afford
To comfort, and support thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
Prostrate the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?

Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
 That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
 What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
 LORD, why dost thou forsake, whom thou hast made?
 Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
 Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
 It flies the reach of thought; oh save me, Pow'r
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!
 Thou, who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
 And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
 Thou, who for me thro' every throbbing vein
 Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
 Whom death led captive thro' the realms below,
 And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
 Defend me. O my God! Oh save me, Pow'r
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
 Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
 Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
 Of rocks to yawn compassionately deep:
 Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
 And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown:
 While death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
 His heart's dismay'd; and now his fears command
 To change his native for a distant land:
 Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
 Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;
 The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
 Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint *that* DAY?
 This time elaborately thrown away?

Words all in vain pant after the distress;
The height of eloquence would make it less:
Heav'ns! how the good man trembles——

And is there a LAST DAY? and must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition swell, and, thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that vanity can blow:
Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an *India* forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting vine:
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright beauty, shine;
Shine all; in all your charms together rise;
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like *Elijah*, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!
From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave!
What equals this? and shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright?
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but GOD and my own soul.

For ever then, my soul, thy GOD adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend;

In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and a thirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When now the thunder roars, the light'ning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming surges tost on high,
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghast
Look back with terror on their actions past;
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
Their hearts thro' fear and anguish melt away;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease;
Now they devote their treasure to the seas;
Unload their shatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the storm so high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he descends, and booming o'er his head
The billows close; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye just! attend ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety pursue.)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world from high
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,

Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempestuous nature silent stand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace:
He bridles in the monsters of the deep,
The bridled monsters awful distance keep;
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
And calls the great *Leviathan*: the great
Leviathan attends in all his state;
Exults for joy, and with a mighty bound
Makes the sea shake, and heaven and earth resound;
Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous size:
The prophet views the cavern with surprize;
Measures his monstrous teeth afar descry'd,
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side:
Then takes possession of this spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear;
Or falls immerg'd into the deeps below,
Where the dead silent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountains dreadful shade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides serenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wond'rous days and nights thro' coral groves,
 Thro' labyrinths of rocks and sands he roves:
 When the third morning with its level rays
 The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
 It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
 His sacred guest uninjured on the shore:
 A type of that great blessing which the muse
 In her next labour ardently pursues.

T H E
L A S T D A Y.

B O O K I I.

— Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν εἰς φάος ἰλθῶν
 Λείψαν ἀποικομήνων· ὅπισθε δὲ Θεοὶ τελεῖσθαι.

PHOCYL.

i. e.

— *We hope that the departed will rise again from
 the dust :*

After which, like the gods, they will be immortal.

NOW man awakes, and from his silent bed,
 Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head ;
 Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
 And on the borders of new worlds appears.
 Whate'er the bold, the rash adventure cost,
 In wide Eternity I dare be lost.
 The muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
 To teach the swain, or celebrate the king ;
 I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd ;
 I lift my voice, and sing to human-kind :
 I sing to men and angels ; angels join,
 While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.
 Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
 Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,

An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air ;
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains to the deep,
To smoothe and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust.
Now charnels rattle ; scattered limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd advance ; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head, the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.

When the world bow'd to *Rome's* almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to *Pompey*, and confess'd her lord.
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
Bid with due horror his great soul farewell.
Obscure his fall ! all weltring in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore !
While *Julius* frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each vagrant mote shall hear ;
Or fix'd in earth, or if a-float in air,

Obeys the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'ring end,
And gently circling on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or 'midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid;
Or rather coasted on her final state,
And fear'd, or wish'd for her appointed fate:
This soul returning with a constant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.

That antient, sacred, and illustrious * dome,
Where soon or late fair *Albion's* heroes come,
From camps, and courts, tho' great, or wise, or just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,

* *Westminster-Abbey.*

Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
Of rising kings fills all th' extended space:
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his second birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent and costly dome,
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot on earth, but has supply'd a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn,
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner rise:
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes;
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such in this day of horrors shall be seen,
To face the thunder with a godlike mein;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move:
An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Here, *greatness* prostrate falls; there *strength*
gives place;

Here Lazars smile; there, Beauty hides her face.
Christians, and *Jews*, and *Turks*, and *Pagans* stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
Some who perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship, their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or warm
With juster confidence enjoy the storm,
Than those, whose pious bounties unconfin'd
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illustrious rank, what shining light
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful muse; that homage shew,
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chicheley! hail, illustrious * names,
Who to far-distant times dispense your beams;
Beneath your shades, and near your chrystal springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
All hail, thrice-honour'd! 'twas your great renown
To bless a people, and oblige a crown.
And now you rise eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent GOD! oh how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to human-kind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?

* Founders of New-College, Corpus Christi, and All-Souls in Oxford, of all which the author was a member.

Shall I, who some few years ago was less
Than worm, or mine or shadow can express,
Was nothing; shall I live, when every fire,
And ev'ry star shall languish or expire?
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how MICHAEL fung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of love divine!

But oh! before this blissful state, before
Th' aspiring soul this wond'rous height can soar,
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw:
Attend, great *Anna*, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known successful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction be far away, let no machine
Descending here, no fabled god be seen;
Behold the God of *gods* indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend.

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At Heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And every age, and nation pours along;
Nimrod and *Bourbon* mingle in the throng:

Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
 spent,

To fix a hero's birth-day or descent?
What joy must it now yield, what raptures raise,
To see the glorious race of antient days?
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood?
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands,
Cæsar un-noted in your presence stands

How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above.
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, *fall*; another, *stand*:
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great *XPRXES'* world in arms, proud *Cannae's* field,
Where *Carthage* taught victorious *Rome* to yield;
(Another blow had broke the fates' decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy.)
Immortal *Blenheim*, fam'd *Ramillia's* host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare!

Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound,
And hell thro' all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest power of earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;
Who on the day of triumph saidst, be thine
The skies, JEHOVAH, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eyes.—Alas! my muse,
How art thou lost! what numbers canst thou chuse?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great sov'reign reigns in worlds of
light,

Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! where *time* and *place*,
Matter and *form*, and *fortune*, *life* and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us, vagrant emmets, crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball,
(Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, heav'n's everlasting Son;
Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.

Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
 Support the train of their triumphant prince.
 A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
 Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
 Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
 And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
 Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
 Or we expect, or find a paradise:
 But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
 The *Eden* kindles, and the world's in flames.
 On one hand *knowledge* shines in purest light,
 On one the sword of *justice* fiercely bright.
 Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed,
 Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the source
 Of life and death eternal bends his course;
 Loud thunders round him roll, and light'nings play,
 Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
 Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
 And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
 Voices seraphic, blest with such a strain,
 Could *Satan* hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of glory! soul of bliss!
 What a stupendous turn of fate is this?
 Oh! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
 And indigence of *him* in *Bethlem* born,
 A needy, helpless, unaccounted guest,
 And but a second to the tother'd beast?
 How chang'd from *him*, who meekly prostrate laid,
 Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?
 From him who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
 Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd and
 dy'd;

Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below.

And was 't enough to bid the sun retire?
Why did not nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel the pangs divine,
The world is vanish'd—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken *Caiaphas*! ah! which blasphem'd,
Thou or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might 't thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'tis wondrous all! ev'n he
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height
There all the clouds, condens'd, two columns raise,
Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze
One fix'd on earth, and one on sea, and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an unmeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the co-
lums fly.

Death wrapt in chains low at the basis lyes,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wondrous height,

Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or GOD be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick and severe its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord a narrow bound.

"O thou! whose balance doos the mountains weigh,
" Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
" Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
" Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
" And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

" Ah! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
" To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:

- " Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
" And wholly dedicate my soul to thee.
" Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
" And sin the graceful indignation raise.
" My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
" And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
" Oh may my understanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
" Who decks the maiden spring with flow'ry pride?
" Who calls forth summer like a sparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old winter lay her honours down?
" Not the great *Ottoman*, or greater *Czar*,
" Not *Europe's* arbitress of peace and war:
" May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd;
" To bring th' eternal author to my mind!
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul;
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
" Adore, my heart, the Majesty *divine*.
" Thro' every scence of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
" Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
" Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow;
" 'Tis thou that lead'st our powerful armies forth,
" And gives great *Anne* thy sceptre o'er the north.
" Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
" Open with pray'r the consecrated day;

" Tune thy great praise and bid my soul arise,
" And, with the mounting sun, ascend the skies ;
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardor of consummate love ;
" Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
" My endless worship shall be still begun.

" And oh ! permit the gloom of solemn night
" To sacred thought may forcibly invite,
" When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
" Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies ;
" Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,
" And shew all nature in a milder light ;
" How every boist'rous thought in calm subsides !
" How the smooth spirit into goodness glides !
" O how divine ! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the LORD of day ;
" His court admire, or for his favour sue,
" Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew ;
" Pleas'd to look down, and see the *world* asleep,
" While I long vigils to its *Founder* keep.

" Canst thou not shake the centre ? Oh controul,
" Subdue by force the rebel in my soul :
" Thou who canst still the raging of the flood,
" Restrain the various tumults of my blood ;
" Teach me with equal firmness to sustain
" Alluring pleasure and assaulting pain.
" O may I pant for thee in each desire !
" And with strong faith foment the holy fire !
" Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
" Which in *eternity's* deep bosom lies !
" At the *great day* of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the *fatal book* unfold !

"Then, wafted upward to the blissful seat,
"From age to age my grateful song repeat;
"My Light, my Life, my GOD, my Saviour see,]
"And rival angels in the praise of thee."

T H E
L A S T D A Y.

B O O K I I I.

*Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia coeli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret.*

OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding, the resplendent seat
Of saints and angels, the tremendous fate
Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,
And all the horrors of the world below,
I next presume to sing : what yet remains
Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
And let the *musè* or now affect the sky,
Or in inglorious shades for ever ly.
She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal ;
She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole ;
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
Heav'n. opening all its sacred pomp, displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze !
The triumph rings ! archangels shout around !
And echoing nature lengthens out the sound !

Ten thousand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse;
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
As nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last,
Nor man nor angel moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise:
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my soul, (oh fall to sudden pray'r,
And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?

See on the left, (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene!
What more than death in every face and mein!
With what distress, and glarings of affright,
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight!
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is laden with despair.
Reader, if guilty, spare the muse, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one-common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched self alone
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known;

How would it wound? what millions would'st thou
give

For one more trial, one day more to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
Arrest the *sun*; but still of *this* despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
This world, and in blest angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
Oh the transcendent glory of the just!
Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt
Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest
draws nigh,
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye;
Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein;
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain;
Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize,
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late,
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since *Adam's* family from first to last,
 Now into one distinct survey is cast,
 Look round, vain-glorious muse, and you who'er
 Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair,
 Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
 Whose shining acts *time's* brightest annals grace;
 Who founded sects, crowns conquer'd, or resign'd,
 Gave names to nations, or fam'd empires join'd;
 Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low,
 And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
 Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
 Could bind the madness of the roaring main;
 All lost! all undistinguish'd! no where found!
 How will this truth in *Bourbon's* palace sound?

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
 From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
 Whether his right hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
 Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd,
 Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
 Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;
 The point of time for which the world was built,
 For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
 That dreadful moment is arriv'd.

Aloft the seats of bliss their pomp display,
 Brighter than brightness, this distinguish'd day;
 Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
 From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
 Thro' heav'n's high gates when he triumphant rode,
 And shouting angels hail'd the victor God.
 Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
 Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;

A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
 O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
 Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
 And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
 The sons of light scarce unappal'd look down,
 And nearer press heav'n's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space
 Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
 Proceed who dares—I tremble as I write;
 The whole creation swims before my sight;
 I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow;
 Say not 'tis distant, I behold it *now*;
 I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
 My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;
 That woe, those pangs, which from the *guilty* breast,
 In these, or words like these, shall be express.

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
 “ Ah! cruel death, that wou'd no longer save,
 “ But grudg'd me ev'n that narrow dark abode,
 “ And cast me out into the wrath of God;
 “ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
 “ And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
 “ Our only song; black fire's malignant light,
 “ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

“ Must all those pow'rs heav'n gave me to supply
 “ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
 “ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
 “ *Sense, reason, memory*, encrease my woe?
 “ And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
 “ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
 “ Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
 “ And with *existence* only measure pain?

- “ What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv’n,
“ No beam of hope from any point of heav’n!
“ Ah! mercy! mercy! art thou dead above?
“ Is love extinguish’d in the source of love?
“ Bold that I am, did heav’n stoop down to hell?
“ Th’ expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
“ Have I not been industrious to provoke;
“ From his embraces obstinately broke;
“ Pursu’d and panted for his mortal hate;
“ Earn’d my destruction, labour’d out my fate?
“ And dare I on extinguish’d love exclaim?
“ Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack’ning
 flame;
“ Just is my lot—But, oh! must it transcend
“ The reach of time, despair a distant end?
“ With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise
“ Where thought can’t follow, and bold fancy dies!
“ *Never!* where falls the soul at that dread sound?
“ Down an abyss how dark, and how profound?
“ Down, down (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
“ Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;
“ My plunge but still begun—And this for sin?
“ Could I offend, if I had never been,
“ But still increas’d the senseless happy *mass*,
“ Flow’d in the stream, or flourish’d in the grass?
“ Faint of mercies! why from silent earth
“ Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth?
“ Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
“ And make a thankless present of thy light?
“ Pass into being a reverse of thee,
“ And animate a clod with misery?

“ The beasts are happy, they come forth and keep
“ Short watch on earth, and then ly down to sleep.
“ Pain is for man ; and oh ! how vast a pain
“ For crimes which made the Godhead bleed in vain ?
“ Annul’d his groans, as far as in them lay,
“ And flung his agonies and death away ?
“ As our dire punishment for ever strong,
“ Our constitution too for ever young,
“ Curs’d with returns of vigour still the same,
“ Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame ;
“ Still to be caught, and still to be pursu’d !
“ To perish still, and still to be renew’d ?

“ And this, *my help ! my God !* at thy decree ?
“ Nature is chang’d, and *hell* should *succour* me.
“ And can’st thou then look down from perfect bliss,
“ And see me plunging in the dark abyis,
“ Calling thee father in a sea of fire,
“ Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire !
“ With mortals anguish wilt thou raise *thy* name,
“ And by my pangs Omnipotence proclaim ?
“ Thou who canst toss the planets to and fro,
“ Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe :
“ Crush worlds ; in hotter flames fall’n angels lay ;
“ On me almighty wrath is cast away.
“ Call back thy thunders, LORD, hold in thy rage,
“ Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage :
“ Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,
“ But lose me in the greatness of thy name.
“ Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
“ And shall I make those glories cease to shine ?
“ Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
“ And from its course turn back Omnipotence ?

" Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, great God, at least
 " This one, this slender, almost *no* request ;
 " When I have wept a thousand lives away,
 " When torment is grown weary of its prey,
 " When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
 " Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire."

Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopeless soul,
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming owns
 He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans ;
 Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
 Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain :
 To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
 The raging flame to give its burnings o'er,
 To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load ;
 And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move
 To take possession of their thrones above ;
Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,
 And fill the vacant stations of the sky ;
 Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,
 And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze ;
 To crop the roses of immortal youth,
 And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth ;
 To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
 And lift the voice to their Almighty KING ;
 To lose eternity in grateful lays,
 And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
 And leave unfinish'd the two lofty strain :
 What boldly I begin, let others end ;
 My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,

And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,
And nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire,
And darted downward set the world on fire;
Black rising clouds the thicken'd æther choke,
And spiry flames shoot thro' the rolling smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light;
From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the winds impetuous course,
T'enrage the flame; it spreads, it soars on high,
Swell in the storm, and billows thro' the sky.
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and desarts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm:
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'it thou that dreadful crack, that sound which
Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook? [broke
What wonders must that groan of nature tell!
Olympus there, and mightier *Atlas* tell,
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand;
Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball

Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd *Britannia*; can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas, in flames behold surrounding seas!
Like oil their waters but augment the blaze.

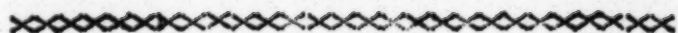
Some angels say, where ran proud *Asia's* bound,
Or where with fruits was fair *Europa* crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste *Lybia*? where did *India's* store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;
All on whom *Adam's* wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge and perish in the conqu'ring flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their prey;
The sun, the moon, the stars all melt away,
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
The devastations of one dreadful hour,
The great Creator's six days work devour.
A mighty mighty ruin! yet one *soul*
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Casts down to nothing such a vast expence,

Have ye not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?
What strange surprises through all nature ran?
For whom these revolutions, but for man?
For him Omnipotence new measures takes;
For him through all eternity awakes;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

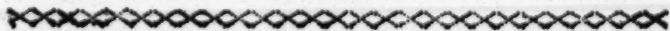
Think deeply then, O man, how *great* thou art,
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect:
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast;
And gaze, and wander there a ravish'd guest:
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth which must ripen in a happier clime
And brighter *sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *mirror*, can'st not guess thy vast estate,
What stores on foreign coasts thy landing wait.
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod;
Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high.
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one eternal day.



T H E
FORCE OF RELIGION:
O R,
VANQUISH'D LOVE.
A
P O E M.

I N . T W O B O O K S .

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.



7

8

T H E
FORCE OF RELIGION:
O R,
VANQUISH'D LOVE.

B O O K I.

— *Ad coelum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*
VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd
on high,
And open'd wond'rous scenes above the sky,
My muse descend: indulge my fond desire,
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
And smoothe my numbers to a female's praise:
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While *Anna* reigns, and sets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
Virtue is beauty: but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes such bright objects still more
bright,
And *fortune* sets them in the strongest light;

50 *The* FORCE of RELIGION ;

'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
Ere *Ormond*, or her glorious *queen* was born.
When now *Maria's* pow'rful arms prevail'd,
And haughty *Dudley's* bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great *Suffolk's* race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne ;
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.

But how will *Guilford*, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart ?

At once she longs, and is afraid to *know* :
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
To find her lord ; and finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye :
Lest that unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus after sickness, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.

At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mein,
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young ;
While tender accents melt upon her tongue ;
Gentle, and sweet, as vernal zephyr blows,
Fanning the lilly, or the blooming rose.

" Grieve not, my lord : a crown indeed is lost ;
" What far out-shines a crown, we still may boast ;
" A mind compos'd ; a mind that can disdain
" A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.

- " Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
 " To wealth eternal, and return above;
 " Above, where no distinction shall be known
 " 'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a
 throne,
 " And him, who, basking in the smiles of fate,
 " Shone forth in all the splendor of the great:
 " Nor can I find the diff'rence here below;
 " I lately was a queen, I still am so,
 " While *Guilford's* wife: thee rather I obey,
 " Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
 " When we ly down in some obscure retreat,
 " Incens'd *Maria* may her rage forget;
 " And I to death my duty will improve,
 " And what you miss in empire, add in love —
 " Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,
 " And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.
 " For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
 " To find with what content we lay it down.
 " Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
 " Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd
 Her drooping lord, whose boding bosom fear'd
 A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
 Severer vengeance on her guiltless head:
 Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt!
 For, lo a guard! — Forgive him if he melt —
 How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,
 The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
 In space confin'd, the muse forbears to tell;
 Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.

52 *The* FORCE of RELIGION;

His pain was equal, but his virtue less,
 He thought in grief there could be no excess.
 Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
 And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair;
 Now silent, wander'd through his rooms of state,
 And sicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate;
 Which thus adorn'd in all her shining store,
 A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
 Now on the bridal bed his eyes were cast,
 And anguish fed on his enjoyments past;
 Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
 And ev'ry transport stabb'd him to the heart.

That happy moon, which summon'd to delight,
 That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,
 Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms
 (Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
 Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
 Empire and love! the vision of a day.

Thus in the *British* clime a summer storm
 Will oft the smiling face of heav'n deform;
 The winds with violence at once descend,
 Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the forest bend:
 A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
 O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year.

But whither is the captive borne away,
 Theauteous captive, from the chearful day?
 The scene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
 Ill boding looks, and unknown horrors rise:
 For pomp and splendor, for her guard and crown,
 A gloomy dungeon and a keeper's frown;
 Black thoughts, each morn, invade the *lover's* breast,
 Each night a ruffian locks the *Queen* to rest.

Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
 But *Suffolk's* daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is best display'd
 In deep desertion of all human aid:
 To succour in extremes is her delight,
 And cheer the heart when terror strikes the sight.
 We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
 And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
 To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,
 And comfort those who come to bring relief:
 We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
 And all the world's vain glories fade away.

Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,
 And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,
 Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
 Amid the silence of her dark retreat,
 Address'd her God——“Almighty pow'r divine!
 “'Tis thine to raise, and to depress is thine;
 “With honour to light up the name unknown,
 “Or to put out the lustre of a throne.
 “In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,
 “And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
 “I'll bear it well: (O strengthen me to bear!)
 “And if my piety may claim thy care;
 “If I remember'd in youth's giddy heat,
 “And tumult of a court, a future state:
 “O favour! when thy mercy I implore
 “For one who never guilty sceptre bore!
 “'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free;
 “If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.
 “Let him survive his country's name to raise,
 “And in a guilty land to speak thy praise!

54 *The FORCE of RELIGION;*

" O may th' indulgence of a *father's* love,
 " Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above !
 " If *these are* safe, I'll think my pray'rs succeed,
 " And bless thy tender mercies whilst I bleed."

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day,
 In which the queen to her full wrath gave way ;
 Through rigid justice rush'd into offence,
 And drank in zeal the blood of innocence.
 The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn
 The sad necessity of his return :
 The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
 Or did, or was imagin'd to complain,
 The tapers cast an inauspicious light ;
 Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet innocence in chains can take her rest,
 Soft slumber gently creeping thro' her breast,
 She sicks; and in her sleep is re-inthron'd,
 Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
 She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
 And stretches wide her shadow of command ;
 With royal purple is her vision hung ;
 By phantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung ;
 Low at her feet the suppliant rival lyes ;
 Our prisoner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.

Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
 Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade.
 The busy trades in cities had began
 To sound, and speak the painful life of man.
 In tyrants breaits the thoughts of vengeance rouze,
 And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
 At this first birth of light while morning breaks,
 Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife awakes;

Awakes, and smiles; nor night's imposture blames;
 Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams;
 A short liv'd blaze, a light'ning quickly o'er,
 That dy'd in birth, that shone, and were no more:
 She turns her side, and soon resumes a state
 Of mind, well suited to her alter'd fate,
 Serene, tho' serious; when dread tidings come
 (Ah wretched *Guilford*!) of her instant doom.
 Sun, hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night
 Thy face involve; be guiltless of the sight;
 Or haste more swiftly to the western main;
 Nor let her blood the conscious day-light stain.

Oh how severe! to fall to new a bride,
 Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride;
 When time had just matur'd each perfect grace,
 And open'd all the wonders of her face!
 To leave her *Guilford* dead to all relief,
 Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief.
 Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
 (Vain promis'd blessings!) vanish from her view;
 No train of chearful days, endearing nights,
 No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights;
 Pleasures that blossom ev'n from doubts, and fears;
 And bliss, and rapture rising out of *cares*;
 No little *Guilford*, with paternal grace,
 Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face;
 Who, when her *dearest* father shall return,
 From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
 Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
 And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
 As where fruits fall quick-rising blossoms smile,
 And the blest *Indian* of his care beguile.

56 *The* FORCE OF RELIGION;

In vain these various reasons jointly press,
 To blacken death, and heighten her distress;
 She thro' th' encircling terrors darts her sight,
 To the bless'd regions of eternal light,
 And fills her soul with peace: to weeping friends
 Her *father* and her *lord* she recommends;
 Unmov'd herself: her foes her air survey,
 And rage to see their malice thrown away.
 She soars; now nought on earth detains her care —
 But *Gulford*; who still struggles for his share.
 Still will his form importunately rise,
 Clog, and retard her transport to the skies.
 As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
 Now catch the brand with a returning light:
 Thus her soul onward, from the seats above,
 Falls fondly back, and kindles into love.
 At length she conquers in the doubtful field;
 That heav'n she seeks will be her *Gulford's* shield.
 Now death is welcome; his approach is slow;
 'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
 O'erblown misfortune will snail prove the last:
 Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
 And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
 Fear banes fear, and ills on ills attend,
 'Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
 And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near:
 Her rigid trials are not yet complete,
 The news arrives of her great father's fate.
 She sees his hoary head, all white with age,
 A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.

How great the mercy had she breath'd her last,
Ere the dire sentence on her father past.

A fonder parent nature never knew ;
And as his age encreas'd, his fondness grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd,
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
And can she from all weakness still refrain ?
And still the firmness of her soul maintain ?
Impossible ! a sigh will force its way ;
One patient tear her *mortal* birth betray ;
She sighs and weeps, but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.

Celestial *patience* ! how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate !
While *passion* takes his part, betrays our peace ;
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace !
By not opposing, thou dost ill destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.

Now *she* revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.
Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn ; the queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety confin'd.
What mercy can the *zealot's* heart assuage,
Whose piety itself converts to rage ?
She thought, and sigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
Now sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roses die.
Alas ! should *Guilford* too—When now she's brought
To that dire view, that precipice of thought ;

58 *The* FORCE of RELIGION;

While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,
 Nor can recede, 'till heav'n's decrees are known,
 Cure of all ills, till now, her lord appears,
 But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears:
 Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
 To chase the shadows, and the damps away:
 But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep,
 And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
 Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
 His voice was frozen by his cold despair;
 Slow, like a ghost, he mov'd, with solemn pace;
 A dying paleness sat upon his face.
 Back she recoil'd; she smote her lovely breast,
 Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd;
 Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
 And sunk a breathless image to the ground.

Thus the fair lilly, when the sky's o'ercast,
 At first but shudders in the feeble blast;
 But when the winds, and weighty rains descend,
 The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend;
 Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
 And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

T H E
FORCE OF RELIGION:
O R,
VANQUISH'D LOVE

B O O K II.

Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in scepra reponis? VIRG.

HER *Guilford* clasps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper touch'd, restores the fire.
She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light,
And *Guilford* too, or she had loath'd the sight:
Her father's death she bore, despis'd her own,
But now she must, she will have leave to groan:
Ah! *Guilford*, she began, and would have spoke,
But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke;
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.

So the youth lost his *image* in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell:
The scatter'd features slid into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.
To touch the soft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the bravest soul,

60 *The* FORCE of RELIGION ;

What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair ?
It melts us down ; our pains delight bestow,
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This Guilford prov'd, and with excess of pain,
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
The weeping fair : sunk deep in soft desire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire.
Then tore himself away, and standing wide,
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,
With ill-dissembled grief, " My life, forbear,
" You wound your *Guilford* with each cruel tear.
" Did you not chide my grief ? Repress your own ;
" Nor want compassion for *yourself* alone.
" Have you beheld how from the distant main,
" The thronging waves roll on a num'rous train,
" And foam and bellow, till they reach the shore,
" There burst their noisy pride, and are no more ?
" Thus the successive flows of human race,
" Chac'd by the coming, the preceding chace ;
" They sound, and swell, their haughty heads they
 rear,
" Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
" Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay,
" And where's the mighty lucre of a day ?
" Why should you mourn *my* fate ? 'tis most unkind ;
" Your *own* you bore with an unshaken mind :
" And which can you imagine was the dart
" That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart ?
" I cannot live without you, and my doom
" I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—

“ And are again your tears profusely spilt !
 “ Oh ! then my kindness blackens to my guilt :
 “ It foils itself, if it recal your pain ;
 “ Life of my life, I beg you to refrain ;
 “ The load which fate imposes, you increase,
 “ And help *Maria* to destroy my peace ”

But, oh ! against himself his labour turn'd ;
 The more he comforted, the more she mourn'd.
 Compassion swells our grief, words soft and kind
 But soothe our weakness, and dissolve the mind.
 Her sorrow flow'd in streams, nor her's alone,
 While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
 Where are the smiles she wore, when she so late
 Hail'd him, great partner of the regal state ;
 When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
 And bending nations on the glory gaz'd ?

'Tis now the *queen's* command, they both retreat
 To weep with dignity, and mourn in state :
 She forms the *decent* misery with joy,
 And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
 A spacious hall is hung with black, all light
 Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
 From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
 Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky ;
 It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
 Which only shews the darkness of the room.
 A shining ax is on the table laid,
 A dreadful sight, and glitters thro' the shade.

In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd ;
 -sence of terrors to a guilty mind !
 A scene that would have damp'd with rising cares,
 And quite extinguish'd ev'ry love but theirs.

62 *The* FORCE of RELIGION;

What can they do? they fix their mournful eyes,
 Then *Guilford* thus abruptly; "I despise
 "An empire lost, I fling away the crown;
 "Numbers have laid that bright delusion down:
 "But where's the *Charles*, or *Dioclesian* where,
 "Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair!
 "Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
 "In full possession of thy snowy hand!
 "And thro' th' unclouded crystal of thy eye,
 "The heav'nly treasures of thy mind to spy!
 "Till rapture reason happily destroys,
 "And my soul wanders through immortal joys!
 "Give me the world, and ask me where's my bliss,
 "I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, *this*.
 "And shall the grave"—He groans, and can no more,
 But all her charms in silence traces o'er;
 Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought,
 And wond'ring sees in sad *presaging* thought,
 From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
 And rowl along the dust, a ghastly ball.

Oh! let those *tremble* who are greatly blest'd!
 For who but *Guilford* could be thus distress'd?
 Come hither, all you happy, all you great,
 From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of state;
 Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy,
 But to refine, and to exalt your joy;
 Weep not, but smiling fix your ardent care
 On nobler titles than the *brave* and *fair*.

Was ever such a mournful moving sight?
 See if you can, by that dim, trembling light;
 Now they embrace; and mix'd in bitter woe,
 Like *Isis* and her *Thames*, one stream they flow.

Now they start wide ; fix'd in benumbing care,
 They stiffen into statues of despair :
 Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
 They rush at once, they fling their cares behind,
 And clasp, as if to death ; new vows repeat,
 And quite wrapt up in love, forget their fate.
 A short delusion ! for the raging pain
 Returns, and their poor hearts must bleed again.

Mean time, the *queen* new cruelty decreed ;
 But ill content that they should *only* bleed.
 A priest is sent, who, with insidious art,
 Instils his poison into *Suffolk's* heart ;
 And *Guilford* drank it, hanging on the breast ;
 He from his childhood was with *Rome* possess'd.
 When now the ministers of death draw nigh,
 And in her dearest lord she first must die,
 The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
 The most unguarded passes of her mind,
 Bespoke her thus : " Grieve not ; 'tis in your pow'r
 " Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."
 Her bosom pants ; she draws her breath with pain ;
 A sudden horror thrills thro' ev'ry vein ;
 Life seems suspended, on his words intent,
 And her soul trembles for the great event.

The priest proceeds : " Embrace the faith of *Rome*,
 " And ward your own, your lord's, and father's
 Ye blessed spirits ! now your charge sustain, [doom."
 The past was ease ; now first she suffers pain.
 Must she pronounce her father's death, must she
 Bid *Guilford* bleed ? It must not, cannot be.
 It *cannot* be ! but 'tis the Christian's praise,
 Above impossibilities to raise

64 *The* FORCE of RELIGION;

The weakness of our nature, and deride
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
What tho' our feeble sinews scarce impart
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;
Though tainted air our vigorous *youth* can break,
And a chill blast the hardy *warrior* shake,
Yet are we strong: hear the loud tempest roar
From east to west, and call us weak no more;
The light'ning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might; and thunders raise our humble names:
'Tis our *JEHOVAH* fills the heav'ns; as long
As he shall reign *ALMIGHTY*, we are strong:
We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne,
And almost make omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of heav'n by fervent *prayer*,
And call forth triumphs out of *man's* despair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart in silence to the skies,
Devoutly sad—Then bright'ning, like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majesty till now unknown,
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own;
She, rising, speaks: "If these the terms"—

Here *Guilford*, cruel *Guilford*, (barb'rous man!
Is this thy love?) as swift as lightning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her, with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
And stifled in its birth the mighty thought:
Then, bursting forth into a flood of tears,
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears,
His fears for her *alone*, he beat his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul express:

" Oh! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
 " And shew one moment uninflam'd with love!
 " Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,
 " In pity to thyself, forget the past!
 " Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
 " Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou hast held so dear.
 " Thou, who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
 " Empires were vile, and fate could give no more:
 " That to *continue*, was its utmost pow'r,
 " And make the future like the present hour.
 " Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel sword
 " Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord;
 " Transfix his heart, (since you its love disclaim)
 " And stain his honour with a *traitor's* name.
 " *This* might perhaps be borne without remorse;
 " But sure a *father's* pangs will have their force.
 " Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,
 " Through cruel torment to the grave descend?
 " His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
 " Wash a slave's feet, and smoke upon the ground?
 " But he to you has ever been severe;
 " Then take your vengeance"—*Suffolk* now drew
 Bending beneath the burden of his care; [near;
 His robes neglected, and his head was bare.
 Decrepid winter, in the yearly ring,
 Thus slowly creeps to meet the blooming spring.
 Downward he cast a melancholy look,
 Thrice turn'd to hide his grief; then faintly spoke.
 " Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
 " That axe can only rob *me* of a day:
 " For *thee*, my soul's desire, I can't refrain;
 " And shall my tears, my *last* tears, flow in vain?

66 *The* FORCE of RELIGION;

“ When you shall know a mother’s tender name,
 “ My heart’s distress no longer will you blame.”

At this, afar his bursting groans were heard;
 The tears ran trickling down his silver beard:
 He snatch’d her hand, which to his lips he prest,
 And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
 Then, sinking, call’d her piety unjust,
 And soil’d his hoary temples in the dust.

Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
 Has the *queen* brib’d you to distress her foe?
 O weak deserters to misfortune’s part,
 By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
 When she had soar’d, to let your arrows fly,
 And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky?
 And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
 Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
 When cleaving love, and human int’rest, bind
 The broken force of her aspiring mind?
 As round the gen’rous eagle, which in vain
 Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,
 Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
 His pois’nous tail, and stings her as she flies.

While yet the blow’s first dreadful weight she feels,
 And with its force her resolution reels;
 Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
 To view discover, wel’ring on the ground,
 Three headless trunks of those, whose arms maintain’d,
 And in her wars immortal glory gain’d.
 The lifted axe assur’d her ready doom,
 And silent mourners sadden’d all the room.

Shall I proceed, or here break off my tale,
Nor truths, to stagger human faith, reveal?

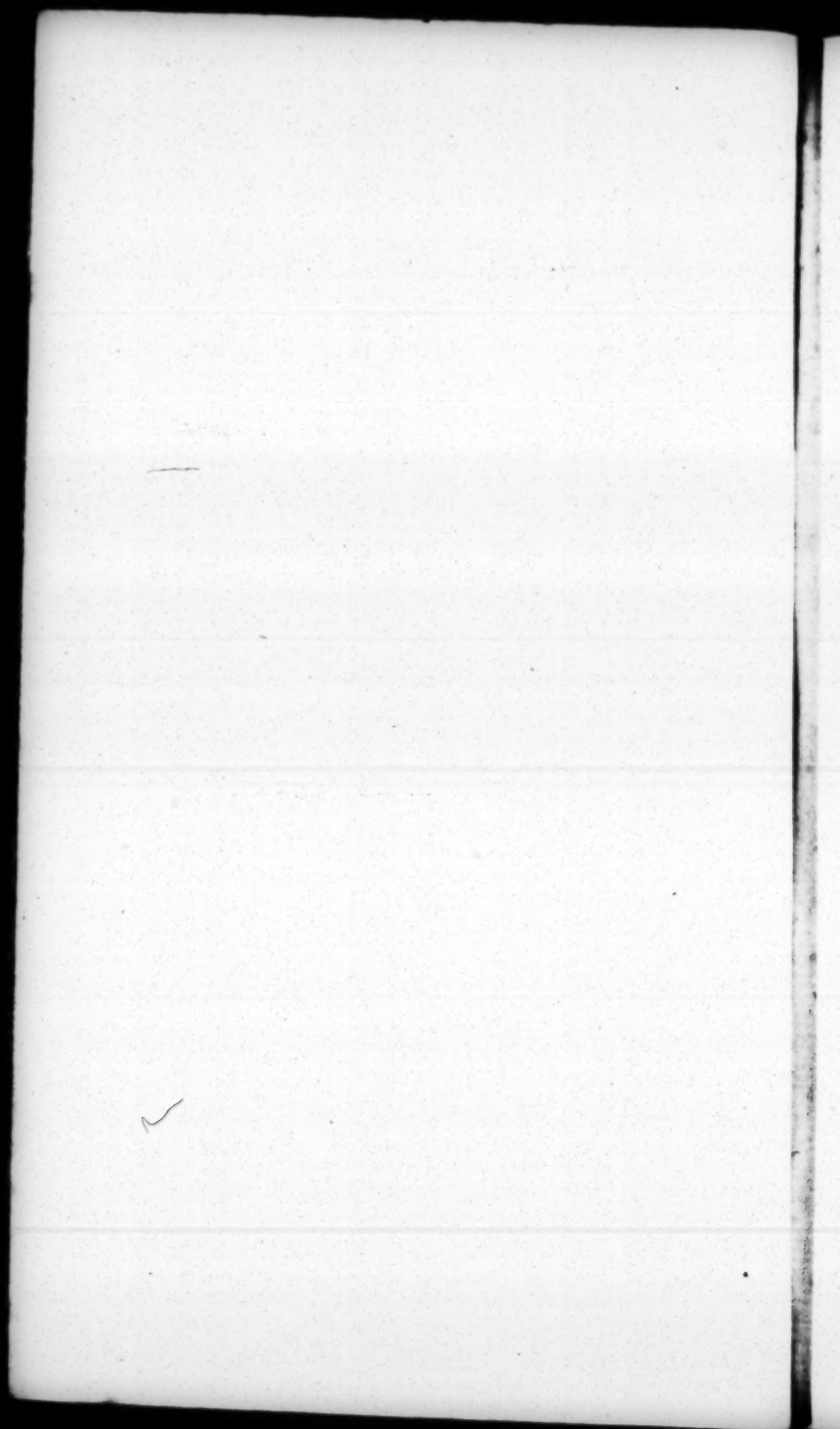
She met this utmost malice of her fate
With Christian dignity, and pious state.
The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breast.
Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's space,
She strictly folded in her soft embrace;
Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky.

"Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate;
"I am well pleas'd you make my death so *great*.
"I joy I cannot save you, and have giv'n
"Two lives, much *dearer* than my own, to heav'n,
"If so the queen decrees*:—But I have cause
"To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;
"And there is mercy still for you in store:
"With me the bitterness of death is o'er.
"He shot his sting in *that* farewell embrace;
"And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
"Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress'd,
"Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."

Then, turning to the ministers of fate,
She, smiling, says, "My victory's complete:
"And tell your *queen*, I thank her for the blow,
"And grieve my gratitude I cannot show:
"A poor return I leave, in *England's* crown,
"For everlasting pleasure, and renown.
"Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
"Her guilt, the *only* vengeance in her pow'r."

Not *Rome*, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate;
And fierce *Maria* pity'd her too late.

* Here she embraces them.



LOVE OF FAME,
THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN
Seven CHARACTERISTICAL
SATIRES.

—*Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru*
Non minus ignotos, generosis. HOR.



The PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters; though some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. It is much *to be feared* that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by *satire*; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will *certainly* be never chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written: nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions. Ethics, Heathen, and Christian, and the scriptures themselves, are, in a great measure, a *satire* on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too. Nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress. So that, I hope, these satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. Nay, *historians* themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to *relate*, is to *expose* them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is, by no means, a thing *indifferent*, to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into

P R E F A C E.

ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for *this* reason; because what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and esteem. Which truth is the subject of the following satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root. An unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach. For to reason we owe our passions: had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss. And the *cause* seems not to be the natural cure of any *effect*.

Moreover, *laughing satire* bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor: and when an author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy *Horace* is the best master: he appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. *Juvenal* is ever in a passion; he has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: the last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation, than imitation, thro' my whole work.

But though I, comparatively, condemn *Juvenal*, in part of the sixth satire (where the occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too. *Boileau* has joined *both* the Roman satirists with great success; but has too much of *Juvenal* in his very serious satire on woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends *Boileau's* closeness, or, as he calls it, *pressness*, particularly: where-as it appears to me, that repetition is his fault; if any fault should be imputed to him.

P R E F A C E.

There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never succeed, without the former. An author, without it, betrays too great a contempt of mankind, and opinion of himself; which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit*, of *Cervantes* and *Rabelais*! the last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him. He is like a criminal who receives his life for some services: you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition. Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it: and he that succeeds in spite of it, is, * *Aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior.*"

Such wits, like false oracles of old, (which were wits and cheats) should set up for reputation among the *weak*, in some *Boeotia*, which was the land of oracles; for the *wise* will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal success; for though ambiguities are the *first* excellence of an impostor, they are the *last* of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humorists, like their father *Lucian*, laugh at every thing indiscriminately: which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some *French* writers, particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a *wit* a term of reproach.

VOL. I.

G

* Val. Max.

P R E F A C E.

Which puts me in mind of *Plato's* fable of the birth of *Love*; one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern *Poetry*. *Love*, says he, is the son of the goddess *Poverty*, and the god of *Riches*: he has from his *father* his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building castles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things serious and useful; his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference and distinction. From his *mother* he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made, viz. That *Poetry*, like *Love*, is a little subject to *blindness*, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honour; that she has her satirical *quiver*; and lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her *father's* family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother's* relations.

However, this is not *necessity*, but *choice*: were wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.

S A T I R E I.

To his GRACE the
DUKE of DORSET.

——— *Tanto major famat fitis est, quam
Virtutis.*

JUV. Sat. x.

MY verse is satire; *Dorset* lend your ear,
And patronize a muse you cannot fear.
To poets sacred is a *Dorset's* name,
Their wonted passport through the gates of fame;
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays;
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B———e, or to me.
But you decline the *misstress* we pursue;
Others are fond of fame, but *fame* of you.

Instructive satire, true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts improve in *Britain's* skilful hand;
When the law shews her teeth but dares not bite,
And *South-sea* treasures are not brought to light;
When churchmen scripture for the classics quit,
Polite apostates from GOD's grace to wit;

When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,
 And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
 When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
 Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*;
 To chafe our spleen when themes like these increase,
 Shall *panegyric* reign, and *censure* cease?

Shall *poesy*, like *law*, turn wrong to right,
 And dedications wash an *Aethiop* white,
 Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
 On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a *post*?
 Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours spread,
 And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
 Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
 And *satirise* with nothing—but their *praise*?

Why slumbers *Pope*, who leads the tuneful train,
 Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, *Dorset*, *Dryden*, *Rochester* are dead,
 And guilt's chief foe in *Addison* is fled;
Congreve, who crown'd with laurels fairly won,
 Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
 He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
 Ye gods! he will not write, and *Maevius* will.

Doubly distress'd, what author shall we find
 Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
 The courtly * *Roman*'s shining path to tread,
 And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead?
 Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
 And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
 Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
 What will not men attempt for *sacred praise*?

The *love of praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
 Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart :
 The *proud* to gain it toils on toils endure ;
 The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
 O'er globes, and sceptres, now, on thrones it swells ;
 Now, trims the midnight lamp in college-cells.
 'Tis tory, whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
 Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.
 Here, to S——e's *humour* makes a bold pretence ;
 There, bolder aims at P——y's *eloquence*.
 It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead ;
 Nor ends with *life* ; but nods in sable *plumes*,
 Adorn our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud* ? the *pimp* is proud to see
 So many like himself in high degree :
 The *whore* is proud, her beauties are the dread
 Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed ;
 And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
 To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
 And come back much more guilty than they went :
 One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,
 Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear ;
 And when their sins they set sincerely down,
 They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others, with wishful eyes, on *glory* look,
 When they have got their *picture* tow'rds a book,
 Or pompous *title*, like a gaudy sign
 Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
 If at his title T—— had drop'd his quill,
 T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still ;

But T—— alas ! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a *scribbler*, who was once a *man*.

Imperious some a classic *fame* demand,
For heaping up with a laborious hand
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While *A*'s *depos'd*, and *B* with pomp *restor'd*.

Some for *renown* on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch work learn'd quotations are ally'd,
Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.

On *glafs* how witty is a noble peer !
Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear* ?

Polite diseases make some idiots *vain*,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still !) of blockheads flattery,
Whose praise defames ; as if a fool should mean
By spitting on your face to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can she not perform ? the love of fame
Made bold *Alphonfus* his Creator blame,
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep,
And (stronger still !) made *Alexander* weep.
Nay, it holds *Delia* from a second bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.

This passion with a *pimple* have I seen
Retard a cause and give a judge the spleen.
By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot)
Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knot*.
It makes *Globose* a speaker in the house ;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.

It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.

Sick with the *love of fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople court, and leave the *senate* thin?
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great *Homer*! with thy *epic* rules
To take a catalogue of *British* fools.
Satire! had I thy *Dorset's* force & vine,
A knave or fool shou'd perish in each line;
Tho' for the first all *Westminster* should plead,
And for the last all *Greatham* intercede.

Begin. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?
To *quality* belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room:
He stands for *fame* on his forefather's feet,
By heraldry prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three descents* let's wife!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honest* men: and *wise*;
The fool, or knave that wears a title, *hes*.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their *line*,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own
We want not fools to buy that *Bristol* stone.
Mean sons of earth, who on a *South-sea* side
Of full success swam into *wealth*, and *pride*,
Knock with a purse of gold at *Anstis'* gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause* ;
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our laws.

Belus with solid *glory* will be crown'd ;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound,
But *builds* himself a name : and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate ;
In cost, and grandeur, *C——dos* he'll out-do,
And *B——l——ton*, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd, every toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last ;
When lo ! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to *strangers* and to *duns*.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In *Britain* what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate ?

In smaller compass lyes *Pjgmalion's* fame ;
Not domes, but antique statues are his flame ;
Not *F——t——n's* self more *Parian* charms has known ;
Nor is good *P——b——ke* more in love with stone.

The bailiffs come (rude men, profanely bold!)

And bid him turn his *Venus* into gold;

"No, sirs, he cries. I'll sooner rot in jail.

"Shall *Grecian* arts be truck'd for *English* bail?"

Such heads might make their very *busts* laugh;

His daughter starves, but * *Cleopatra's* safe.

Men, overloaded with a large estate,

May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;

The *rich* may be polite, but oh! 'tis sad

To say you're *curious*, when we swear you're *mad*.

By your revenue measure your expence,

And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*.

No man is blest by *accident* or *guess*,

True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness*;

Yet few without long discipline are sage,

And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.

But how, my muse, canst thou resist so long

The bright temptation of the courtly throng,

'Thy most inviting theme? The *court* affords

Much food for satire, it abounds in lords.

"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"

One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*.

"How comes it then to pass we see preside

"On both their brows an equal share of *pride*?"

Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,

Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.

As in its home, it triumphs in *high-place*,

And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.

Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,

Which bloom, like *Aaron's*, to their ravish'd sight;

Some lords it bids *resign*, and turn their wands,

Like *Moses*, into serpents in their hands.

* A famous statue.

These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast
 With pride *inverted* of their honours lost.
 But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
 To boast of merely being *out*, or *in*.

What numbers, *here*, thro' odd ambition strive
 To seem the most transported things alive?
 As if by *joy*, *desert* was understood,
 And all the fortunate were *wise* and *good*.
 Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
 And stifled groans frequent the ball, and play.
 Completely drest by * *Monteuil*, and grimace,
 They take their *birth-day* suit, and *public* face:
 Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
 Put off at night with lady *B*——'s hair.
 What bodily fatigue is half so bad;
 With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
 Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's *dance*?
 The tavern! park! assembly! masque! and play!
 Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
 That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
 Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down;
 Fools grin on fools, and *Stoic*-like, support,
 Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.
 Courts can give nothing to the *wise* and *good*,
 But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
 High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss* create;
 None think the great unhappy, but the great;
 Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
 Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

* A famous taylor.

I envy none their pageantry and show,
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene.
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur *there*:
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In spite of sacred leisure blockheads still;
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the *drawing room*.

The *squire* is *proud* to see his courser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear *Hyppolitus*, (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a *Christmas*-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And *Ringwood* opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praise? let *Ringwood's* fame alone;
Just *Ringwood* leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gypsy *you* commit,
And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.

Here breathe, my muse! and then thy task renew,
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-atheists made by church-debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates:

Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
 Cits. who prefer a guinea to mankind;
 Fewer grave lords to *Scr——pe* discreetly bend;
 And fewer *shocks* a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
 Who tells the town in *winter* with his strain,
 As *South in summer* chants the reigning lass,
 And sweetly *whistles*, as the *waters* pass?
 Is there a tongue, like *Delia's* o'er her cup,
 That runs for ages without winding-up?
 Is there, whom his *tenth epic* mounts to fame?
 Such, and such only might exhaust my theme;
 Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
 For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad*?

S A T I R E II.

MY muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end ;
 Tho' *toil* and *danger* the bold task attend.
Heroes and *gods* make other poems fine,
 Plain satire calls for *sense* in every line.
 Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose !
 All friends to *vice* and *folly*, are thy foes.
 When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage,
 'Tis most ill nature to *represent* thy rage ;
 And if these strains some nobler muse excite,
 I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.

So weak are human-kind by nature made,
 Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
 Almighty vanity ! to thee they owe
 Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.
 Thou, like the sun, all *colours* dost contain,
 Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
 For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
 Tho' hiss'd, and hooted by the pointing croud.

Warm in pursuit of foxes, and renown,
 * *Hyppolitus* demands the *sylvan* crown ;
 But *Florio's* fame, the product of a show'r,
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flow'r !
 Why teems the earth ? why melt the vernal skies ?
 Why shines the sun ? to make † *Paul Diack* rise.
 From morn to night has *Florio* gazing stood,
 And wonder'd how the gods could be so good.

* This refers to the first satire.

† The name of a tulip.

What shape! what hue! was ever nymph so fair?
 He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
 O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
 Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
 In fame's full bloom lyes *Florio* down at night,
 And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
 The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
 O *C*——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
 Beware, O florist, thy ambition's fall.
 A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
 A Quaker serv'd him, *Adam* was his name.
 To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
 Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
 But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour.
 He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *demon* cropt my
 flow'r?"

Serene, quoth *Adam*, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
 "Fall'n is the *Baal* to which thou bow'dst thy
 knee."

"But all men want *amusement*; and what crime
 "In such a paradise to fool their time?"
 None: but why proud of this? to fame they soar;
 We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
 And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
 But are those wiser whom we most admire,
 Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
 What's he, who sighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
 Another *Florio* doating on a flow'r;
 A short-liv'd flow'r, and which has often sprung
 From sordid arts, as *Florio's* out of dung.

With what, O *Codrus* ! is thy fancy snit?
 The *flow'r* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
 Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
 And *Epictetus* is a perfect beau.
 How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
 Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
 Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
 That science should be purchas'd by the yard,
 And *T——n*, turn'd upholsterer, send home,
 The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.

If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study's the specious *trifling* of the mind;
 Or is at best a secondary aim,
 A chace for *sport* alone, and not for *game* :
 If so, sure they who the mere *volume* prize,
 But love the thicket where the quarry lyes.

On buying books *Lorenzo* long was bent,
 But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
 His farms were flown; when lo! a sale comes on,
 A choice collection! what is to be done?
 He sells his *last*; for he the whole will buy;
 Sells ev'n his house, nay wants whereon to ly:
 So high the generous ardor of the man
 For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Oriental*s ran.
 When terms were drawn, and brought him by the
 clerk,

Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
 Unlearned men of books assume the care,
 As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his author's *liveries* alone
 Is *Codrus'* erudite ambition shown.

Editions various, at high prices bought,
 Inform the world what *Codrus* would be *thought*;
 And, to this cost, another must succeed,
 To pay a sage, who *says* that he can read,
 Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen;
 But leaves to *O*—— what lyes between;
 Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence;
 And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O——, whose accomplishments make good
 The *promise* of a long illustrious blood;
 In *arts*, and *manners* eminently grac'd,
 The strictest *honour*! and the finest *taste*!
 Accept this verse; if satire can agree
 With so consummate an *humanity*.

By your example would *Hilario* mend,
 How would it grace the talents of my friend,
 Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
 Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit?
 But time his fervent petulance may cool;
 For tho' he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
 In time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste* his sense,
 Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
 He spares nor friend, nor foe; but calls to mind,
 Like *doomsday*, all the faults of all mankind.

What though *wit* tickles? tickling is unsafe,
 If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
 Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
 Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
 Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword*,
 And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
 As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
 So wit is by *politeness* sharpest set :
 Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen ;
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
 The *same* men give is for the joy they find ;
 Dull is the jester, when the joke's unkind.

Since *Marcus*, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
 To pay my compliment what place so fit ?
 His most facetious * letters came to hand,
 Which my first satire sweetly reprimand.
 If that a just offence to *Marcus* gave,
 Say, *Marcus*, which art thou, a fool, or knave ?
 For all but such with caution I forbore ;
 That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before :
 I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who* ;
 No mask so good, but *Marcus* must shine through.
 False names are vain, thy lines their author tell ;
 Thy best concealment had been writing *well*.
 But thou a brave neglect of *fame* hast shown,
 Of *others* fame, great genius ! and thy *own*.
 Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
 The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe.

In malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull
 Their *perverse* reason, *vain* of being dull ;
 When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
 In vengeance they determine — to be *fools* ;
 Thro' spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less*,
 Quite zealous in the ways of *heaviness* ;
 To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
 And disinherit sons that are *awake*.

* Letters sent to the author, signed *Marcus*.

These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you——‘*He’s a wit.*”

Poor *negroes*, thus, to shew their burning spite
To *Cacodemons*, say, they’re *dev’lish white*.

Lampridius from the bottom of his breast
Sighs o’er one child, but triumphs in the rest.

How just his *grief*? one carries in his head

A less proportion of the father’s lead;

And is in danger, without special grace,

To rise above a justice of the peace.

The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* scorn,

And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*,

Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,

Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,

Who with *much* pains exerting *all* his sense,

Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby-father craves a booby son,

And by heav’n’s *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea,

One learns to *liſp*, another *not* to see;

Miss *D*—— tottering catches at your hand;

Was ever thing so pretty born to stand!

Whilst these what nature gave, disown thro’ pride,

Others affect what nature has deny’d;

What nature has deny’d, fools will pursue,

As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

Craſſus, a *grateful* sage, our awe and sport!

Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support.

He hems, and cries, with an important air,

“If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:”

Then quotes the *Stagyrite* to prove it true,

And adds, “The learn’d delight in something *new*.”

Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* sits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Tho' satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off *nonsense* with a better grace:
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where *pins* are to be sold.

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can *artifice* disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*.
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *fool*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *screen*;
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be *seen*.

Hence, —, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor *mimic* art;
Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noon-tide masquerade,
Where swarms of *knaves* the vizard quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a *naked face*?
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a *brother* is undone.

These all their care expend on outward shew
For wealth, and fame; for fame alone, the *beau*.

Of late at *White's* was young *Florello* seen.
 How blank his look ! how discompos'd his mein !
 So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign !
Sunk were his spirits ; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,
 His health was mended with a *silver lace*.
 A curious artist long inur'd to toils
 Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
 Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
 So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.
 The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
 And either shoulder has its share of fame ;
 His sumptuous *watch-case*, tho' conceal'd it lyes,
 Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.
 He only thinks himself (so far from vain !)
St——pe in wit, in breeding *D——l——ne*.
 Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye
 On mirrors that reflect his *Tyrian* dye,
 With how sublime a transport leaps his heart ?
 But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
 In active measures brought from *France* he wheels,
 And triumphs conscious of his learned *heels*.

So have I seen: on some bright summer's day,
 A calf of genius, debonnair, and gay,
 Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
 Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surpris'd
 In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
 No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
 Valu'd, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.
 A fam'd turtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
 And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.

One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim !)
 Levell'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame ;
 But open force was vain ; by night she went,
 And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling *rent* ;
 Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt,
And glory at one entrance quite shut out *.

He scorns *Florello*, and *Florello* him ;
 This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim* :
 Thus in each other both these fools despise
 Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes ;
 Their methods various, but alike their aim :
 The *sloven*, and the *fopling* are the same.

Ye whigs and tories ! thus it fares with you,
 When party rage too warmly you pursue ;
 Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,
 And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide.
 You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
 Scratch at the mimic-monkey in the glass,
 While both are *one* ; and henceforth be it known,
 Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

“ But who art thou ? ” (methinks *Florello* cries)
 “ Of all thy species art thou only wise ? ”
 Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
 As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shalt be ;
 I'll *conjure* thus some profit out of *thee*.

O THOU myself ! abroad our counsels roam,
 And, like ill husbands, take no care at home :
 Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
 And Love of Fame lyes throbbing at thy heart ;
 And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose ?
 Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.

94 LOVE of FAME, &c. SAT. II.

Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in *this* verse than the *last*.
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed:
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chase of Fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thousand in an hour?

S A T I R E I I I .

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE
Mr D O D I N G T O N .

Long, *Dodington*, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see,
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three* :
For whose the present glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend*;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.

An ill-tim'd modesty ! Turn ages o'er,
When wanted *Britain* bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too decays,
And *dark*, and *cold* are her declining days.
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages past.
Men still are men, and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such, who *run in debt* for their disgrace,
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.

We bring some new materials, and what's old
 New-cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mold;
 Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
 And from four critics vindicate the muse

"Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
 And lengthens still, to take in fools like you:
 Shorten my labour, if its length you blame,
 For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
 As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
 Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of *Nile*,
 That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
 Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
 And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.
 For what ambitious fools are more to blame
 Than those who thunder in the critic's name?
 Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
 To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
 Like an old druid from his hollow oak,
 As ravens solemn, and as *boading*, cries,
 Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!
 Ye doctors sage, who thro' *Farnassus* teach,
 Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges, as the *weather* dictates; right
 The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
 Another judges by a surer gage,
 An author's *principles*, or *parentage*;
 Since his great ancestors in *Flanders* fell,
 The poem, doubtless, must be written well.
 Another judges by the writer's *look*;
 Another judges, for he *bought the book*;

Some judge, their knack of *judging* wrong to keep;
Some judge, because it is too soon to *sleep*.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer fame.
The very best *ambitiously* advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
Than *Compton's* smile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on *books* their *criticism* waste;
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,
And *eat* their way to *fame*; with anxious thought
The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turtot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids *December* yield the fruits of *May*;
Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives, that is—to *dine*.
Half of their precious day they give the *feast*,
And, to a kind *digestion*, spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare*;
In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame;

Their front supplies what their ambition lacks,
 They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs.*
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
 And *H——*'s eyes, unmercifully keen,
 Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
 To covet shame still greater than his own.
Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,
 Belies his innocence and keeps a whore.
 Absence of mind *Brabantio* turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name;
 Has words and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,
 And takes a memorandum to *forget.*
 Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns, or blots,
 Men *forge the patents*, that create them fots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
 So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
 But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
 When those, who bring that incense, we despise?
 For such the vanity of great and small,
 Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor can even satire blame them, for 'tis true
 They have most ample cause for what they do.
 O fruitful *Britain!* doubtless thou wast meant
 A nurse of *fools* to stock the continent.
 Tho' *Phoebus* and the Nine for ever mow,
 Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
 The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
 Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill,
 A *Welch* descent which well-paid heralds damp,
 Or, longer still, a *Dutchman's* epigram.

When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See! *Tityrus* with merriment posselt,
Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest;
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.

Is there of *these*, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase *monkies* for your mirth!

Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire,
Of *houses* some, nay houses that they hire;
Some (perfect wildom!) of a beauteous *wife*,
And boast, like cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, thro' pride, the sexes change their airs,
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears*;
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To shew the strength and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.

What numbers are there, who at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to condemn it too?

Vincenna knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame:

Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
To win applause, and takes it by surprise.

"To err, says he, in small things is my fate."

You know your answer, *he's exact in great*.

"My *style*, says he, is rude, and full of faults."

But O! *what sense! what energy of thoughts!*

That he wants algebra he must confess.

But not a *soul* to give our arms success.

"Ah! that's a hit indeed, *Vincenna* cries;

"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?

"I own'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,

"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack :

"All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny.

"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."

Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,

It ne'er, *Vincenna*, could deceive in *thee*,

Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,

So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.

Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenue* wear,

And haunt the court without a *prospect* there.

Are these expedients for renown? Confess

Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, *Vincenna*, and the court forsake;

Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I* shall make.

Ev'n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,

In hardy service make a long campaign,

Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,

And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*,

With painful art, and application warm,

And take at last some *little place* by storm;

Enough to keep *two shoes* on *Sunday* clean,

And *starve* upon discreetly in *Sheer-Lane*.

Already *this* thy fortune can afford,

Then *starve* without the *favour* of my lord.

'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer ;

But often, e'en in doing right, they err :

From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come ;

They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom :

The man that's nearest, *yawning* they advance,

'Tis *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.

If *merit* sues, and *greatness* is so loth

To break its downy trance, *pity both*.

SAT. III. *The UNIVERSAL PASSION.* 101

I grant at court, *Philander*, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm and virtue she's possess'd.

Philander! thou art exquisitely blest,
The public envy! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *justly* proud:
But, see how sickly is ambition's taste!
Ambition feeds on trash, and lothes a feast;
For lo! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,
In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation. others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*.
Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
And *Shakespeare's* wretched stuff do quite as well.
Away the disinchant'd fair would throng,
And *own* that *English* is their mother-tongue.

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported by nups our peeresses out-shine;
While *tradesmen* starve, these *Philomels* are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give*, than *pay*.

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The *legislature* join'd with *Drury lane*!
When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
“Are we not then allow'd to be polite!”
Yes, doubtless, but first let your notions right.
Worth of politeness is the needful ground;
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not even in trifles can excel;
'Tis *solid* bodies onl, *possh* well.

Great, chosen prophet ! for these latter days,
 To turn a willing world from righteous ways,
 Well, *H——r*, dost thou thy *master* serve ;
 Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve.
 Thou to his name has splendid *temples* rais'd,
 In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd.
 Gaudy devotion, like a *Roman*, shown,
 And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
 Inferior offerings to thy god of vice,
 Are duly paid in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice* ;
 Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred maids* !
 That solemn rite of midnight *masquerades* !
 If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
 An hundred head of *cuckolds* may suffice.
 Thou smil'st, well-pleas'd with the converted land,
 To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.

And that thy ministry may never fail,
 But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
 Of *minor prophets* a succession sure
 The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
 In solemn council met, and deep debate !
 What godlike enterprize is taking birth ?
 What wonder opens on th' expecting earth ?
 'Tis done ! with loud applause the council rings !
 Fix'd is the fate of *whores*, and *fiddle-firings* !

Tho' bold these truths, thou, muse, with truths
 like these

Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please.
 Let others flatter to be flatter'd ; thou,
 Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.

How terrible it were to common sense,
 To write a *satire* which gave none *offence* !
 And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
 If men dislike them do they censure *me* ?
 The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
 And godlike an attempt the world to mend ;
 The world where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price ?

A man shall make his fortune in a trice ;
 If blest with pliant, tho' but slender sense,
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.
 A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
 A curse within, a smile upon his face,
 A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
 Are prizes in the lottery of life :
Genius and *virtue* they will soon defeat,
 And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
 To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*,
 From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May, *Dodington*, this maxim fail in you,
 Whom my presaging thoughts already view,
 By *Walpole's* conduct fir'd and friendship grac'd,
 Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd ;
 And lending, *here*, those awful councils aid,
 Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd :
 Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear ;
 What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

S A T I R E IV.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious *woodbine*
grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs :
So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitious *verse*, should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee ;
Thee, *Compton*, born o'er senates to preside,
Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide ;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh ;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The *crown's* asserter, and the *people's* friend :
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the *muse* ;
Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire*.

Vex'd at a public fame so justly won,
The jealous *Chremes* is with spleen undone.
Chremes, for airy pensions of *renown*,
Devotes his service to the *state*, and *crown* ;
All schemes he knows, and knowing, all improves,
Tho' *Britain's* thankless still this patriot loves :
But patriots differ ; some may shed their blood,
He *drinks his coffee*, for the public good ;

Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
 What storms or sun-shine providence decrees;
 Knows for each day the *weather* of our fate:
 A *Quid-nunc* is an *almanac* of state.

You smile, and think *this* statesman void of use.
 Why may not time his secret worth produce?
 Since *apes* can roast the choice *Cassanean nut*,
 Since *steeds* of genius are expert at *put*,
 Since half the senate *not content* can say,
Geese nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counsel kings?
 An incapacity for smaller things.

Poor *Chremes* can't conduct his *own estate*,
 And thence has undertaken *Europe's* fate.

Gehenna leaves the realm to *Chremes's* skill,
 And boldly claims a province higher still.
 To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got
 At once a *bible*, and a *shoulder-knot*;
 Deep in the secret, he looks thro' the whole,
 And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul*;
 To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
 Nor shock his *tender reason* with the creed.
 Howe'er, well-bred, in public he complies,
 Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
 For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
 Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
 And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?
 While the sun shines, *Blount* talks with wond'rous
 force;

But thunder mars *small beer*, and weak *discourses*,

Such useful *instruments* the weather show,
 Just as their *mercury* is high or low.
 Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark;
 A fever argues better than a *Clarke*:
 Let but the logic in his *pulse* decay,
 The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
 While C—— mourns with an unfeigned zeal
 Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well.

C——, who makes so merry with the creed,
 He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed*;
 But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan and *he* believe, and tremble too.
 Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage,
 That they're the blackest *scandal* of their age.

Narcissus the *Tartarian club* disclaims,
 Nay, a *free mason* with some terror names,
 Omits no duty, nor can *envy* say
 He mis'd these many years the *church*, or *play*:
 He makes no choice in *parliament*, 'tis true;
 But pays his *debts*, and *visit*, when 'tis due;
 His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
 And then he can out-bow the *bowing dean*:
 A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
 Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
 In gay fatigues this most undaunted chief,
 Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,
 Most charitably lends the town his *face*,
 For ornament, in ev'ry public place;
 As sure as *cards*, he to th' assembly comes,
 And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms.
 When *ombre* calls, his hand and heart are free,
 And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.

Narcissus is the glory of his race:

For who does *nothing* with a better grace!

To deck my list, by nature were design'd
Such shining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and *passion* to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the *mo'e*,
Some for renown are *singular* and *odd*;
What other men dislike, is sure to please
Of all mankind these dear *Antipodes*;
Thro' pride, not malice, they can counter still,
And *birth-days* are their days of dressing ill.
Arb——*t* is a fool, and *F*—— a sage,
S——*ly* will fright you, *E*—— engage:
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and *S*——*x* is the worst of friends.
They take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And blush if you surprise them in the *right*.
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A swan is white, or *Q*——*y* is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that's *out*;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong.
Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shown
In wearing *others* follies, than our *own*.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be *wise*.
But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than *S*——, the foremost *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lyes in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *shell* enhances,

And *Ashmole's* baby house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich *Peru*!
 How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat which *Joseph* never wore!
 He shews on *holidays* a sacred pin,
 That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd queen *Bess's* chin.

"Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
 "Since the great *plague* that swept as many more,
 "Was ever year unblest as *this*?" he'll cry,
 "It has not brought us one new *butterfly*?"
 In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,
 Unhappy *J—y*! how came *you* to please?

Not gaudy butterflies are *Lico's* game;
 But, in effect, his chace is much the same.
 Warm in pursuit, he *levées* all the great,
 Stanch to the foot of *title* and *estate*.
 Where-e'er their *lordships* go, they never find,
 Or *Lico*, or their *shadows* lag behind;
 He *sets* them sure, where-e'er their *lordships* run,
 Close at their elbows as a *morning dun*;
 As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
 And *fame* was, like a *fever*, to be caught:
 But after seven years dance from place to place,
 The * *Dane* is more familiar with his grace.

Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
 Or living *pendant*, dangling at his ear, •
 For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown
 For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town!
 Who'd be a *glass*, with flattering grimace,
 Still to reflect the temper of his face;

* A *Danish* dog of the duke of *Argyle*.

Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,
 When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave;
 Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please
 To loll, or *thump* it for his better ease;
 Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night bespoke,
 When the peer *raffly* swears he'll club his joke?
 Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he could not find
 His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
 For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
 That can cry *chimney-sweep*, or drive a *plough*?
 With terms like these how mean the tribe that *close*?
 Scarce meaner they, who terms, like these, *impose*.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
 The men of ink, or antient authors lye?
 The writing tribe, who shameless *auctions* hold
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold.
 All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
 With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
 For Fame no cully makes so much her jest,
 As her old constant spark, the bard profess.
 " *B—le* shines in council, *M——t* in the fight,
 " *P—l—m*'s magnificent; but I can write:
 " And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
 'Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
 That *fame*'s unwholesome taken without *meat*,
 And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat*:
 Grown *lean*, and *wife*, he curses what he writ,
 And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.

Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner*'s lost,
 That his triumphant name adorns a *post*?
 Or that his shining page, (provoking fate!)
 Defends *sirloins*, which sons of dulness *eat*?

What foe to verse without compassion hears?
 What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears?
 When the poor muse for less than half a crown,
 A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,
 With other whores undone, tho' *not* in print,
 Clubs credit for *geneva* in the *mint*?

Ye bards! why will ye sing, though uninspir'd?
 Ye bards! why will ye *starve* to be *admir'd*?
Defunct by *Phoebus'* laws, beyond redress,
 Why will you *spectres* haunt the frightened press?
 Bad metre, that *excrecence* of the head,
 Like *hair*, will sprout, altho' the poet's *dead*.

All other trades *demand*, verse-makers *beg*;
 A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
 A barren *labeo*, the true *mummer's* fashion,
 Exposes *borrow'd brats*, to move *compassion*.
 Tho' such myself, vile bards I discommend,
 Nay more, though gentle *Damon* is my *friend*:
 "Is't then a crime to *write*?"—If talents rare
 Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear*:
 For some though few, there are, large minded men,
 Who watch unseen the labours of the pen,
 Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
 Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support,
 Who serve *unask'd*, the *least pretence* to wit;
 My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
A—le true wit is studious to restore;
 And *D*—t smiles, if *Phoebus* smil'd before;
P—ke in years the long-lov'd arts admires;
 And *Henrietta* like a muse inspires.

But ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
 That fame which poets languish for in vain.

How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
 To grasp what no man can possess *alive*?
 Fame's a *reversion* in which men take place
 (O late reversion!) at their own decease.
 This truth sagacious *Lintot* knows so well;
 He *starves* his authors, that their works may *sell*.

That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic-poets cry;
 That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply,
 Who know no guilt, no scandal but in *rags*,
 And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags*.
 Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
 Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold*;
 The first young lord, which in the *Mall* you meet,
 Shall match the veriest hunks in *Lombard-street*,
 From rescu'd candle's-ends who rais'd a sum,
 And starves to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.
 A *beardless* miser? 'tis a guilt unknown
 To former times, a scandal *all* our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
 Will mortgage *Celia* to redeem their *land*.
 For love, young, noble, rich *Castalio* dies;
 Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
 Divine *Nonimia*, thy fond fears lay down;
 No rival can prevail, but—*half a crown*.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
 Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*.
 Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
 When *Harry* conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd.
 He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog for gain,
 Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*.

"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant colonel cries,
 While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.

To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,——
Just is his title,—— For he will not *fight* :
 All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
 As maids of honour *beauty*,——by their *place*.
 But, when indulging on the last campaign,
 His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
 He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
 A sweet *revenge*, and *half absolves* his sword.

Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
 A *soldier* should be modest as a *maid* :
 Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy ;
 Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch, destroy* :
 'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree ;
 But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
Augustus' deeds ; if that ambiguous name
 Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
 Such is the prince's worth, of whom I speak,
 The *Roman* would not blush at the mistake.

S A T I R E V.

O N

W O M E N.

*O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all GOD's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! ———* MILT.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own.
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*.
Attend, and you discern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or rowl the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or in full joy elaborate a *sigh*.

The sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame;
Nay thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme.
A theme, fair ———, doubly kind to me,
Since satirising *those*, is praising *thee*;
Who would'st not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;

Worn in the public eye. give cheap delight
 To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight.
 As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the sun,
 Thro' every *sign* of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
Lectures, and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers caves, and lions dens,
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Installments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, (and still stranger!) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame;
 And love lyes vanquish'd in a nobler flame:
 Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses; *then*,
 Like *April* suns, dives into clouds again.
 With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
 'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
 And to be taken with a sudden pain;
 Then she starts up, all extasy and bliss,
 And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.
 O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spight!*
 And looks delightfully with all her might!
 But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wise,
 She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

Zara resembles *Aetna* crown'd with snows;
 Without she freezes, and within she glows:
 Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
 From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
 She reads the *psalms* and *chapters* for the day,
 In——*Cleopatra*, or the last new play.

Thus gloomy *Zara* with a solemn grace
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.

Nor far beneath her in *renown* is *she*,
Who, thro' good breeding, is ill company;
Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her subtle head,
And vows——that her great-grandfather is dead.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a talk indeed to learn——to *hear*.
In that the skill of conversation lyes;
That *shows*, or *makes* you both polite, and wise.

Zantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can say,
"Be lost in silence, and resign the day:

"And let the guilty wife her guilt confess

"By tame behaviour, and a soft address."

Thro' *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Thro' wisdom, *she* refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*:
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.
But if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china in a whirlwind sent
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen *Zantippe*, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea*.
Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her *kind* advice.

Doubly like echo. *sound* is her delight,
 And the *last word* is her eternal right.
 Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise
 To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise*?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
 Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
 What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state:
 What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate*?
 If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
 We *make* misfortune, *suicides* in woe.
 Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!

Is *nature* backward to torment or kill!
 How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight* bell,
 (That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
 On *folly's* errands as we vainly roam, [home!
 Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
 Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
 Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
 Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace
 We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;
 Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,
 Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week.
 Our very joys are anxious, and expire
 Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil,
 But *one*? a female friend's endearing smile;
 A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm,
 And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
 Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
 Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.

The *sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue ;
 Man is not all the game they have in view :
 In woods and fields their glory they complete ;
 There *maſter Betty* leaps a five-barr'd gate ;
 While fair *Miſs Charles* to toilets is confin'd,
 Nor raſhly tempts the barbarous ſun and wind.
 Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
 And vault from *hunters* to the *manag'd ſteed*,
 Command his prancings with a martial air,
 And *Fobert* has the forming of the *fair*.

More than *one ſteed* muſt *Delia's* empire feel,
 Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel* ;
 And as ſhe guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
 With what an air ſhe ſmacks the *ſilken thong* !
 Graceful as *John*, ſhe moderates the reins,
 And whistles ſweet her *diuretic* ſtrains.
Sefoſtris like, ſuch charioteers as *theſe*
 May drive fix harnes'd *monarchs* if they pleaſe.
 They *drive, row, run,* with love of glory ſmit,
Leap, ſwim, ſhoot flying, and pronounce on *wit*.

O'er the *belle-lettre* lovely *Daphne* reigns ;
 Again the god *Apollo* wears her chains.
 With legs toſs'd high on her ſophee ſhe ſits,
 Vouchſafing audience to contending wits :
 Of each performance ſhe's the final teſt ;
 One act read o'er, ſhe prophecies the reſt ;
 And then pronouncing with deciſive air,
 Fully convinces all the town—*ſhe's fair*.
 Had lovely *Daphne Hecateſſa's* face,
 How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe !
 Some ladies *judgment* in their *features* lyes,
 And all their *genius* ſparkles from their *eyes*.

But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care:
 Must I want common sense, because I'm fair?
 O no: see *Stella*! her eyes shine as bright,
 As if her tongue was never in the right;
 And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
 She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
 How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
 Could *Daphne* publish, and could she forbear?
 We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
 Nor is't a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might;
 The youth in person and in parts was bright;
 Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
 That claims just empire o'er the female heart.
 He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
 And in full rage of youthful ardor burn'd.
 Large his possessions, and beyond her own:
 Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town.
 The day was fix'd when with one acre more
 In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd *threescore*.
 The fatal sequel I thro' shame forbear.
 Of *pride*, and *avarice* who can cure the fair?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
 Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
 Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,
 But fools create themselves new appetites.
 Fancy and pride seek things at vast expence,
 Which relish nor to reason, nor to sense.
 When *surfeit* or *unthankfulness* destroys,
 In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
 In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
 Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow.

Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick ; make haste, the doctor call.
He comes : but where's his patient ? at the ball.
The doctor stares, her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, " My lady, Sir, is always so.
" Diversions put her maladies to flight ;
" True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night.
" I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
" For *fevers* take an opera in *June*.
" And tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
" A midnight park is sov'reign for a *cold*.
" With *cholics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree ;
" With *indigestion*, supper just at three."
A strange alternative, replies Sir *H—s*,
Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance* ?
Tho' sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam ;
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home* ?
For want——but not of health, are ladies ill,
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill*.

Alas, my heart ! how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls ! with what a tender air !
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell *Gibber* waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has * *Veny* chid ?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid ?
" Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed ? " Because 'twas night."
Did she then dance, or play ? " Nor this, nor that."
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.

* Lap-dog.

"No, all alone, her *prayer*s she rather chose,
 "Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning rose."
 Then lady *Cynthia*, mistress of the shade,
 Goes, with the *fashionable* owls, to bed.
 This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
 Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

Others with curious arts dim charms revive,
 And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
 You in the morning a *fair* nymph invite,
 To keep her word a *brown* one comes at night;
 Next day she shines in glossy *black*, and then
 Revolves into her native *red* again.
 Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
 And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But *one* admirer has the painted lass,
 Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass.
 Yet *Laura*'s beautiful to such excess,
 That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.
 To deck the female cheek HE only knows,
 Who paints less fair the *lilly* and the *rose*.

How gay *they* smile! such blessings Nature pours,
 O'er-stock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
 In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
 She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green.
 Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
 And *waste* their music on the savage race.
 Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliss?
 Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?
 But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
 And painted *arts* deprav'd allurements chuse.
 Such *Fulvia*'s passion for the town, fresh air
 (An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair:

Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
 And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
 But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crouds delight;
 And to be press'd to death transports her quite.
 Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
 And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades,
 Black kennels' absent *odours* she regrets,
 And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life prefer'd to the serene?
 Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth, and open way;
 Thro' briars, and brambles in the *world* we stray,
Stiff opposition, and *perplex'd* debate,
 And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *stinging* hate,
 Which choak our passage, our career controul,
 And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
 O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
 Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
 We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
 The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
 (Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*.
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest'd with wealth, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the *next*:
There too the *musés* sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee

There sport the *musés*; but not there alone;
 Their sacred force *Amelia* feels in town.
 Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
 A wit herself, *Amelia* weds a wit.

Both wits ! tho' miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wond'rous days ! they liv'd in peace ;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On *Durfey's* poesy, and *Bunyan's* prose.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phoebe, tho' she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness.
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
" Well, sure, we were so happy *yesterday* !
" And then that charming party for *to-morrow* !"
Tho' well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow.
But she dares never boast the *present* hour ;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r.
For such is or our weakness, or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment like a wife we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*.
Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy ;
Pleasure, like *quick-silver*, is *bright*, and *coy* ;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still :
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains,
What is it, but rank poison in your veins ?

As *Flavia* in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies ;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine :
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul !) in tears.

She, fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,
 In soft amusement all the night employ'd ;
 The morning came, when *Strephon* waking found
 (Surprising sight !) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
 "What miracle, says *Strephon*, makes thee weep ?
 "Ah barbarous man, she cries, how cou'd you—*sleep*?"

Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast* ;
 How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste* !
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
 We wish our mistress and our meat away :
 But soon the sated appetites return,
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.
Eternal love let man then never swear ;
 Let women never *triumph*, nor *despair* ;
 Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill ;
 Hunger and love are foreign to the *will*.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind.
 But not of that unfashionable set
 Is *Phillis* : *Phillis* and her *Damon* met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste ;
Phillis demands eternal love at *least*.
 Embracing *Phillis* with soft-smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies :
 But say, my *all*, my *mistress*, and my *friend* !
 What day next week the' *eternity* shall *end* ?

Some nymphs prefer *astronomy* to *love*,
 Elope from mortal man, and range above.
 The fair philosopher to *Rowley* flies,
 Where in a *box* the whole creation lyes.
 She sees the planets in their *turns* advance ;
 And scorns, *Poitier*, thy sublunary dance.

Of *Desagulier* she bespeaks fresh air,
 And *Whiston* has *engagements* with the fair.
 What vain experiments *Sophronia* tries!
 'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
 But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
 (O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
 Lo! *Pug* from *Jupiter* her heart has got,
 Turns out the stars, and *Newton* is a sot.

To — turn, she never took the height
 Of *Saturn*, yet is ever in the right.
 She strikes each point with native force of mind,
 While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
 Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,
 The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wise* are taught.
 Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet;
 When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
 In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart severe;
 In crouds, collected; and in courts, sincere;
 Sincere, and warm, with zeal well understood,
 She takes a noble pride in doing good;
 Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
 The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
 Of *silks* and *china* she's the last appeal;
 In these great points she *leads* the commonweal;
 And if disputes of *empire* rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and *Colberteen*,
 'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
 Assumes *her* nod to close the grand debate.
 When such her mind, why will the fair express
 Their emulation only in their *dress*?

But oh! the nymph that mounts above the *skies*,
 And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries!

Resolv'd the *church's* welfare to ensure,
 And make her family a *sine-cure* :
 The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,
 But *takes* in texts of scripture at *picquet* ;
 In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
 And thanks her *Maker* that her *cards* are good.
 What ange's wou'd these be, who thus excel
 In theologies, could they *sew* as well !
 Yet why shou'd not the fair her text pursue ?
 Can she more decently the doctor wooe ?
 'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but *chat*
 Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
 When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
 To beauteous *Marcia* often will repair
 With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.
 O how his pious soul exults, to find
 Such love for *holy* men in woman-kind !
 Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture, he
 Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee* ;
Hums round about her and with all his pow'r
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a *flow'r* ?

The *young* and *gay* declining, *Appia* flies
 At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise* :
 By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,
 She impiously prefers the *world* to *love*.

Can wealth give happiness ? look round and see
 What *gay* distress ! what splendid misery !
 Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
 The mind annihilates and calls for more.
 Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says,
 Like any lord it *promises* — and *pays*.

How will the miser startle to be told
 Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold ?
 What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight ;
 All *more*, is but the fashion of the plate,
 Which, for one moment, charms the sickle view,
 It charms us *now*, anon we cast anew ;
 To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd :
 Then wed not acres but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
 And think accomplishments will win the fair :
 The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* should be won,
 As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *sun* ;
 And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
 And wit must wear the *willow*, with the *bays*.
 Nought shines so bright in vain *Liberia's* eye
 As riot. impudence, and perfidy :
 The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
 And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid ;
 For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
 Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms ;
 And amply gives (tho' treated long amiss)
 The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.
 If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,
 But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The *languid* lady next appears in state,
 Who was not born to carry her own weight ;
 She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
 To her own stature lifts the feeble inaid.
 Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,
 She by just stages *journeys* round the room :
 But knowing her own weakness, she despairs
 To scale the *Alps*——that is, ascend the *stairs* :

My fan ! let others say who laugh at toil ;
 Fan ! hood ! glove ! scarf ! is her *laconic* stile.
 And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
 That *Betty* rather *sees*, than *hears* the call :
 The motion of her lips, and meaning eye
 Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
 O listen with attention most profound !
 Her voice is but the shadow of a sound :
 And help ! O help ! her spirits are so dead,
 One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
 If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
 She pants ! she sinks away ! and is no more.
 Let the robust, and the gigantic *carve*,
 Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve* ;
 But *chew* she must herself, ah cruel fate !
 That *Rosalinda* can't by *proxy* eat.

An *antidote* in female caprice lyes
 (Kind heav'n !) against the *poison* of their eyes.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mein,
 Loud is her accent. and her phrase obscene.
 In fair and open dealing where's the shame ?
 What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.
 This *honest fellow* is sincere, and plain,
 And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
 (Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
 If wanton language shews a *naked* mind.)
 And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
 An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
 Hark ! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
 And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.
 By *Jove* ! is taint, and for the simple swain,
 She on the Christian system is profane.

But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
 Believe her *dress*, she's not a grenadier.
 If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
 When *Jove* deposes a lady in his stead?
 A lady! pardon my mistaken pen,
 A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence,
 Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense;
 The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
 With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
 A violated decency now reigns,
 And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
 With *Chinese* painters modern *toasts* agree,
 The point they aim at is *deformity*:
 They throw their persons with a hoydon air
 Across the room, and *tofs* into the chair.
 So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
 They, for our manners, have exchange'd their own.
 The modest look, the castigated grace,
 The gentle movement, and slow measur'd pace,
 For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pray'd*,
 Are *indecumms* with the *modern* maid.
 Stiff forms are bad, but let not worie intrude,
 Nor conquer *art*, and *nature*, to be rude.
 Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
 And lady D—— self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of *Britain's* isle!
 When high-born *Anna* with a soften'd smile
 Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
 What seems most hard, is not to be well-bred.
 Her bright example with success pursue,
 And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration ! give me something *more*,
 Cries *Lyce*, on the borders of *threescore*.
 Nought treads so silent as the foot of *time* ;
 Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
 'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
 The melancholy news that we *grow old*.
 Autumnal *Lyce* carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
 O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
 Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms !
 While rival *undertakers* hover round,
 And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,
 Intent not on her own, but others doom,
 She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.
 In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away.
 She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day ;
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
 And nought of *Lyce* but *herself* is old.
 Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,
 And art has *levell'd* her deep-furrow'd face.
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
 We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.
 She grants indeed a lady *may* decline
 (All ladies *but herself*) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
 Of prudent *Portia* ! Her grey hairs *engage* ;
 Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline.
Virtue's the paint can make the wrinkles shine.
 That, and that *only* can old age sustain ;
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.
 Not numerous are our joys, when life is new,
 And yearly some are falling of the *few* ;

But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
 And downward tend into the vale of age,
 They drop *apace*; by *nature* some decay,
 And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away;
 Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
 We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.

Where's *Portia* now?—But *Portia* left behind
 Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
 What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
 Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
 Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
 And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
 The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
 Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *passion* toss it to and fro;
 A-while torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.
 Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust
 Your best *example* lyes, my *precepts* trust.
 Life swarms with ills, the *boldest* are afraid;
 Where then is safety for a *tender maid*?
 Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
 And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
 When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
 The least obliging; and by favours lost.
 Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
 And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.
 If on your fame *our* sex a blot has thrown,
 'Twill ever stick, thro' malice of your *own*.
 Most hard: in pleasing your chief *glory* lyes;
 And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise.
 Then please the *best*; and know, for men of sense,
 Your strongest charms are native innocence.

SAT. V. *The* UNIVERSAL PASSION. 131

Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *simple* manners all the secret lyes;
Be kind and virtuous. you'll be blest and wise.
Vain *shew* and *noise* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,
Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine *unknown*;
Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind*! that thirst
With which the age is eminently curst.
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb,
Give peace *in hand*, and promise bliss *to come*.

S A T I R E VI.

O N

W O M E N.

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
Lady ELISABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen et tollit comædia vocem. HOR.

I Sought a patroness, but sought in vain.
Apollo whisper'd in my ear—" *Germain.*"
I know her not —' Your reason's somewhat odd;
" Who knows his patron now?" reply'd the god.
" Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
" Then steal great names, to shield them from the
town

" Detested *worth*, like *beauty* d'starray'd,
" To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid:
" Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
" In vengeance write a volume *in her praise*.
" Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
" When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;
You, *here*, in miniature your pictures see;
Nor hope from *Zincks* more justice, than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench* your pride:

He's *dear*, you *frugal*; chuse my *cheaper* lay,
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

Lavinia is *polite*, but not *profane*;
To *church* as constant, as to *Drury-lane*.
She decently, *in form*, pays heav'n its due;
And makes a civil *visit* to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *pray'r*:
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed,
Not one the fair omits, but at the *creed*.
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to *speak*;
Thro' dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break:
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To GOD himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they're before their Maker,—and *mankind*:
When ladies once are *proud* of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
Drusa receives her visitants in bed;
But chaste as ice, this *Vesta* to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you *just* would turn you, while she *shifts*.

These charms are greatest which decline the sight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no woman, where there's no reserve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers *starve*.

But with the modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.

" Or if you take a lion by the beard *,
 " Or dare defy the fell *Hyrceanian* pard,
 " Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough *Russian* bear,"
 First *make your will*, and then *converse* with her.
 This lady glories in profuse expence,
 And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.
 To beggar her gallant is *some* delight,
 To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*.
 Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
 In *duel* fell two lovers, one run *mad*.
 Her *foes* their honest execrations pour;
 Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
 And generously supports him in his want;
 But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
 A hell, no lady so polite can bear.
 She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
 Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains:
 Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
 But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
 Whate'er she *is*, she'll not *appear* a saint:
 Her soul superior flies formality;
 So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
 Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*—
 Nor wou'd they be mistaken, if they shou'd.

Unmarry'd *Abra* puts on formal airs;
 Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant pray'rs.
 Her only grief is, that she cannot be
 At once engag'd in *pray'r* and *charity*.

And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
 “ *If he wou’d not think that Abra was a maid!*

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
 For where’s the men that’s worthy of their bed?
 If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish’d at threescore.
 Then she submits to venture in the dark;
 And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
 She weds an *idiot*; but she eats in *plate*.

The goods of fortune which her soul possesses,
 Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happiness;
 The rude *material*; *wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss.
 She from herself, if so compell’d by need,
 Of *thin content* can draw the subtile thread;
 But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
 If she can work in *gold*, ’tis better still.

If *Tullia* had been bless’d with *half* her sense,
 None cou’d too much admire her excellence:
 But since she can make *error* shine so bright,
 She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
 With understanding she is quite o’er-run;
 And by too great accomplishments undone:
 With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
 For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.

Naked in nothing should a woman be,
 But veil her very *wit* with *modesty*:
 Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,
 But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.

For pleasure form’d, perversely some believe,
 To make themselves *important*, men must grieve.

Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
 Pretends the fop she laughs at is ador'd.
 In vain she's proud of secret innocence;
 The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with every charm to bless,
 Has no design but on her husband's peace:
 He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
 At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.

"How charming this!"—The pleasure lasted long;
 Now every day the fits come thick and strong:
 At last he found the charmer only feign'd,
 And was diverted, when he *should* be pain'd.
 What greater vengeance have the gods in store?
 How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more?
 She tries a thousand arts, but none succeed:
 She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:
 Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving wife,
 Her husband's pain was dearer than her life.

Anxious *Melania* rises to my view,
 Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
 Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
 Her majesty, to morrow, calls for *more*.
 His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
 As un-oil'd hinges querulously shrill,
 "You went last night with *Celia* to the ball."
 You prove it false. "Not go? that's worst of all."
 Nothing can please her, nothing *not* inflame;
 And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.
 Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen;
 His *mirth* is an inexpiable sin:
 For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,
 There's *one* that wounds far deeper than the rest,

To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful self
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair.
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?
How would *Melania* be surpris'd to hear
She's quited deform'd? and yet the case is clear.

What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms*, because the soul is *seen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can *bear*:
Some, none *resist*, tho' not exceeding fair.

Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.
"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes;
Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.
Heav'n by its favours has the fair distressed,
And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.

Ah! why so vain, tho' blooming in thy spring.
Thou *shining, frail, ador'd* and *wretched* thing?
Old-age will come, disease may come before,
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.

Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay:
But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes;
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;

Then wrought into the soul let virtues shine,
The ground eternal, as the work divine.

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,
And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool*;
Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtile thread*
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed;
For difficult amours can smoothe the way,
And tender letters *dictate* or *convey*.
But if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs,
For her *own* breakfast she'll *project* a *scheme*,
Nor take her *tea* without a *stratagem*;
Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face,
Important by the virtue of *grimace*.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign,
By nature born to *soothe*, and *entertain*;
Their *prudence* in a share of *folly* lyes,
Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise*?
Syrenna is for ever in extremes,
And with a *vengeance* she commends, or blames.
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wife in actions great and rare;
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour *Brunetta* is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, tho' it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;
And trifles life. Your cares to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with *Alicia*, there you'll see
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree.
 Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
 And what she has of head-dress is aside.
 She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
 Unwash'd her hands, and much be snuff'd her face.
 A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves;
 And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
 Gloves by queen *Bess's* maidens might be milt,
 Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.
 Lovers, beware! to wound how can she fail
 With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail;
 For *H——y* the first *wit* she cannot be,
 Nor, cruel *R——d*, the first *toast* for thee;
 Since full each other station of *renown*,
 Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town?
 Women were made to give our eyes delight;
 A female *stoven* is an odious sight.

Fair *Isabella* is so fond of *fame*,
 That her *dear self* is her eternal theme;
 'Thro' hopes of contradiction oft she'll say,
 "Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"
 When most the world applauds you, most beware;
 'Tis often less a *blessing* than a *snare*.
 Distrust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
 And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
 The breath of *others* raises our *renown*;
 Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down;
 Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
 Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
 But own I must, in this perverted age,
 Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.

So far is worth from making glory sure,
 It often hinders what it *should* procure.
 Whom praise we *most*? the virtuous, brave, and wise?
 No; wretches, whom in secret we despise.
 And who so blind, as not to see the cause?
 No rival's rais'd by such *discreet* applause;
 And yet, of credit it lays in a store,
 By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the more.

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*;
 Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
 So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,
 To pay its loss they think *all* others *few*.
 Who hold that crime so dear, must never claim
 Of *injur'd modesty* the sacred name.

But *Clio* thus. "What, railing without end?
 "Mean talk! how much more generous to commend?"
 Yes. to commend as you are wont to do,
 My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.
 "Daphnis, says *Clio*, has a charming eye:
 "What pity 'tis her shoulder is a-wry?
 "Aspasia's shape indeed—but then her air——
 "The man has parts who finds destruction there.
 "Almeria's wit has something that's divine;
 "And wit's enough——how few in all things shine?
 "Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor——
 "Who was it said *Selina's* near threescore?
 "At *Lucia's* match I from my soul rejoice,
 "The world congratulates so wise a choice;
 "His lordship's rent roll is exceeding great——
 "But mortgages will sap the best estate.
 "In *Sherley's* form might cherubims appear,
 "But then——she has a *freckle* on her ear."

Without a *but*, *Hortensia* she commends,
 The first of women, and the best of friends;
 Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright:
 But how comes this to pass? — she dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
 Indeed *that's* needless, if *such* praise prevail;
 And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown
 On others *fame*, thro' fondness for our *own*.

Of rank, and riches proud, *Cleora* frowns;
 For are not *coronets* akin to *crowns*?
 Her greedy eye, and her sublime address
 The height of *avarice* and *pride* confess.
 You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
 Go, seek for her perfections at the bank.
 By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,
 For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
 As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *cit*,
 And quite as much detested as a *wit*.

Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?
 Can we dig *peace* or *wisdom* from the mine?
 Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
 To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.
 That happiness which great ones often see,
 With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
 Themselves unblest: the poor are *only* poor;
 But what are they who *droop* amid their store?
 Nothing is meaner than a *wretch of state*,
 The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
 Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
 And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
 Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,
 Our envy wou'd be due to large expence.

Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
 See how they beg an alms of flattery!
 They languish! oh support them with a *lie*!
 A *decent competence* we fully taste;
 It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast;
 More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone,
 The rich must labour to possess *their own*,
 To feel their great abundance, and request
 Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;
 To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,
 And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth
 divine,
 Give gold a price, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.
 All *hoarded* treasures they repute a load,
 Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.
 Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,
 Thro' *secret* streams diffusively they blest;
 And while their bounties glide conceal'd to view,
 Relieve our wants, and spare our *blushes* too.
 But satire is my task, and *these* destroy
 Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
 Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
 And blast our common enemy *G——n*:
 But our *invectives* must despair success;
 For next to *praise*, she values nothing less.
 What picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame?
 Or is't *Ajuria*, that affected dame?
 The brightest forms, through *affetation*, fade
 To strange *new* things, which nature never made.

SAT. VI. *The* UNIVERSAL PASSION. 143

Frown not, ye fair ! so much your sex we prize,
 We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes :
 In *Albucinda's* native grace is seen
 What you who *labour* at perfection mean.
 Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.
 Here might I sing of *Memmia's* mincing mein,
 And all the movements of the soft machine :
 How two red lips affected *zephyrs* blow,
 To cool the *Bohea*, and inflame the *Beau* :
 While one white *finger* and a *thumb* conspire
 To lift the *cup*, and make the *world* admire.

Tea ! how I tremble at thy fatal stream !
 As *Lethe* dreadful to the love of *fame*.
 What devastations on thy banks are seen ?
 What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been ?
 An *hecatomb* of characters supplies
 Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.
H—, P—, B—, aspers'd by thee, decay,
 As grains of finest sugars melt away,
 And recommend thee more to mortal taste :
Scandal's the sweetner of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
 And thy revolting *Naiads* call for wine ;
Spirits no longer shall serve under thee ;
 But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea !
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh ;
 And who dare give *Citronia's* nose the lie ? *

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
 And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd ;

* — *Solem quis dicere falsum
 Audeat ?*

At length to rescue man, the generous lass
 Stole from her comfort the pernicious glass.
 As glorious as the *British* queen renown'd,
 Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
 But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O *Juvenal*! for thy severer rage!
 To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there among the females of our isle
 Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile*?
 There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd,
 And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd,
 Without thin *decency* held up to view,
 Naked she stalks o'er *law* and *gospel* too.

Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
 Men sigh in vain for *none*, but for their *wives*;
 Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
 And wed one man, to wanton with a score:
 Abroad too kind, at home, 'tis steadfast hate,
 And one eternal tempest of debate.

What foul eruptions from a look most meek?
 What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek?
 Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand;
 But then their *reason* is at due-command.

Is there whom you detest, and seek his life!
 Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
 And ask what kindred is a *spouse* to them?

What charms of am'rous *grandmothers* I see?
 And misses, *antient* in iniquity?

What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming?
 What lying, drinking, lewding, swearing, gaming?

Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
 Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence,
 Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
 Such lice ns'd ill, such masquerading times,
 Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,
 Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws;
 Such dissolution through the whole I find,
 'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since *Sundays* have no bails, the well-dress'd *bells*
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *hell*;
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
 Who listen less to *C——ns*, than *St Paul*.
 Atheists have been but rare, since nature's birth;
 'Till now, the atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
 Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
 This daring character in tim'rous things?
 Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect fly*,
 A match for nothing — but the *Deity*.

But, not to wrong the fair; the muse must own,
 In this pursuit they court not *fame* alone;
 But join to that a more substantial view,
 "From thinking free, to be free agents too."

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them
 In complaisance to all the fools in town [down,
 O how they tremble at the name of *prude*?
 And die with shame at thought of being *good*?
 For what will *Artemis*, the rich and gay,
 What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs say?
 They Heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave,
 Through cowardice most execrably brave.
 With our own judgments durst we to comply,
 In virtue should we live, in glory die.

Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise ;
They dread a satire who defy the skies.

Atheists are few ; most nymphs a godhead own,
And nothing but his attributes dethrone.

From atheists far, they stedfastly believe
God is, and is almighty—to *forgive*.

His other excellence they'll not dispute ;
But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.

Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A *lady's* soul in everlasting pain ?

Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a *sip* of transient joy ?

No, he's for ever in a smiling mood ;

He's like themselves ; or how could he be good ?

And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose.

Devoutly, thus, *Jehovah* they depose,

The *pure* ! the *just* ! and set up in his stead

A deity that's perfectly *well-bred*.

“ Dear *T——l——n* ! be sure the best of men ;

“ Northought he more, than thought great *Origen*.

“ Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd,

“ Poor Satan ! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.

“ Let priests do something for their one in ten ;

“ It is their *trade* ; so far they're honest men.

“ Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,

“ And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black* :

“ Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,

“ From joys of this, to keep them all their own.

“ Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee ;

“ But then they leave our *untith'd* virtue free.

“ *Virtue's* a pretty thing to make a *show* :

“ Did ever mortal write like *Rochefaucault* ?”

Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist;
And pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *profane*.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face*?
Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.

But charms decline; the fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more! * *Quadrille* has murder'd sleep.

"Poor *K—p!* cries *Livia*; I have not been there

"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.

"I hate a croud—but to do good, you know—

"And people of condition should bestow."

Convinc'd, o'ercome, to *K—p's* grave matrons run,

Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;

Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly

And beggar half their race —thro' *charity*.

Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,

I less should blame this criminal delight;

But since the gay assembly's gayest room

Is but an upper story to some tomb,

Methinks we need not our *short* beings shun,

And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.

We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,

And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills;

With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;

Invieghs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,

Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good;

* SHAKESPEARE.

Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace ;
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The *scandal*, and the *ruin* of our isle !
And see, (strange sight !) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand ;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which loud as thunder on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From *Aeolus's* cave impetuous broke ;
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies ;
For men, I mean,—the fair discharges none ;
She (guiltless creature !) iwears to heav'n alone.

See her eyes start ! cheeks glow ! and muscles swell !
Like the mad maid in the *Cumean* cell.
Thus that divine one her soft nights employs !
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys !
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round ;
Imaginary ruin charms her still,
Her happy lord is cuckold'd by *Spalil* :
And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her *darling* son.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair !
Why is the rich *Atrides'* splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat ?
Why that drawn sword ? and whence that dismal cry ?
Why pale distraction through the family ?

See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
 And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
 Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent?
 What fiends that *daughter's* destin'd match prevent?
 Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
 O nothing, but last night—my lady play'd.

But wanders not my satire from her theme?
 Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame*?
 Though, now, your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd;
 'Twas, first, a *vain devotion* to the *mode*,
 Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong;
 The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
 This may be said in honour of our times,
 That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide;
Love has some soft excuse, to soothe your pride:
 Ye fair apostates from love's antient pow'r!
 Can nothing *ravish* but a *golden shower*?
 Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
 Must *Cupid* learn to *punt*, ere he can *please*?
 When you're enamour'd of a *list* or *cast*,
 What can the *preacher* more to make us *chaste*?
 Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away!
 They find no woman disengag'd—*from play*.
 Why pine the *marry'd*?—O severer fate!
 They find from play no disengag'd—*estate*.
Flavia, at lovers false *untouch'd*, and *hard*,
 Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel card*.
 Nor *Arria's* Bible can secure her age;
 Her threescore years are shuffling with her page;
 While *death* stands by, but till the game is done,
 To sweep *that stake*, in justice, long *his own*;

150 LOVE of FAME, &c. SAT. VI.

Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;
Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher,
Ye gods! with *new* delights inspire the fair;
Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *trade men* close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose*:
Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd."
When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
But I've a charm your anger shall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the *sole*.

The charm begins! to yonder flood of light
That burns o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your sight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with
Her deeds are precepts, her example law. [awe?
'Midst empire's charms, how *Carolina's* heart
Glow with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*?
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Excels of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were shewn, or generous thoughts,
She smil'd, *indulgent* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.

* Thus the majestic mother of mankind,
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood
And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood;
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

* MILTON.

S A T I R E VII.

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tu n melius, cum venerit IPSE, canemus.

VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
Smile, *Walpole*, or the *line* inspire in vain.
To thee 'tis due; that verse now justly thine,
Where *Brunswic*'s glory crowns the whole design?
That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To give, and take a lustre from the throne

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *stream*.
How all mankind will be surpris'd, to see
This flood of *British* folly charg'd on thee!
Say, *Britain*, whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
For caprice is the daughter of *success*
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
'Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.

While I survey the blessings of our isle;
Her *arts* triumphant in the royal smile,

Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
 Her commerce spreading sails in every sky,
 The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,
 And shews the madness of ambitious men,
 Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
 And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind,
 Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd;
 But daring men there are (awake, my muse,
 And raise thy verse) who bolder frenzy chuse;
 Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away;
 The world their field, and humankind their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,
 With rage and terror stalking by his side,
 Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
 Stand fast, *Olympus*! and sustain his nod.
 The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
 And thrives on mankind's miseries, and pains.
 What slaughter'd *hosts*! what cities in a blaze!
 What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!
 With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
 And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose!

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
 The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty lays?
 Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
 Or famine, or volcano? they perform
 Their mighty deeds; they hero-like can slay,
 And spread their ample details in a day.
 O great alliance! O divine renown!
 With dearth, and pestilence to share the crown.
 When men extol a world destroyer's name,
 Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
 To murder *thousands* takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When after battle I the field have seen
 Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;
 A nation crush'd! a nation of the brave!
 A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
 Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
 This *human chaos*, carry smiles away!
 How did my heart with indignation rise!
 How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
 How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
 Of such materials, *fame* and *triumph*, made!
 How guilty these? yet not less guilty they,
 Who reach false glory by a smother way;
 Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
 And bows and smiles more fatal than their swords;
 Who stifle *nature*, and subsist on *art*;
 Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;
 All real kindness for the shew discard
 As marble polish'd, and as marble hard:
 Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,
 "With open arms their enemies embrace:"
 Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
 "The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"
 Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
 And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
 Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my muse! the *catalogue* is writ,
 Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,

Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
 Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim.
 Be this their comfort, fools omitted here
 May furnish laughter for another year.
 Then let *Crispino*, who was ne'er refus'd
 The *justice* yet of being well abus'd,
 With patience wait; and be content to reign
 The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the muse shall tell
 How *science* dwindles, and how *volumes* swell.

How commentators each *dark* passage shun,
 And hold their farthing candle to the *sun*.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
 And every vice is to the scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young, voluptuous peer,
 His sins to *Lucifer* not half so dear.

How *Verses* is less qualified to steal
 With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers fees to such excess are run,
 That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport,
 And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes;
 And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
 Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
 Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
 But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
 That duty done, I hasten to complete
 My own design; for *Tonson's* at the gate.

The Love of Fame in its *effects* survey'd
 The muse has sung; be now the *cause* display'd:

Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?

Shot from above, by heav'n's indulgence came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to rouse, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise laws were fix'd, and sacred arts were found;
Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast;
It bids *Agile* in fields, and *senates* shine.
What more can prove its origin divine?

But oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots and beauties an alternate source;
Hence *Gildon* rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
And in art-loving *Scarborough* is seen
How kind a patron *Pollio* might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into *coxcombs* burnishes our fools;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And *Newton* lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul?
(For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
 As true, as it 'twere writ in dullest prose;
 As if a letter'd dunce had said. " 'Tis right,"
 And *in primatu* offer'd it to sight.

Ambition in the *truly noble mind*
 With sister virtue is for ever join'd;
 As in fam'd *Lucrece*, who with equal dread
 From *guilt*, and *shame*, by her best conduct fled:
 Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,
 And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
 But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
 Dead by her side, her *love of fame* obey'd.

In *meaner minds* ambition works alone;
 But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
 That not more like in feature, and in mein,
 * The god and mortal in the comic scene.
 False *Julius*, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
 Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.

No mark in *basest minds* ambition wears;
 But in full light pricks up her ass's ears;
 All I have sung are instances of *this*,
 And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye *vain!* desist from your erroneous strife;
 Be wise, and quit the false *sublime* of life.
 The *true* ambition there alone resides,
 Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides;
 Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state,
 Our *purpose* good as our *achievement* great;
 Where public *blessings* public *praise* attend,
 Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.

Would'st thou be *fam'd*? have those high deeds in
view

Brave men would act, tho' *scandal* should ensue.

Behold a prince! whom no swoln thoughts in-
flame;

No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires;
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and *noise* are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king:
But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden foe to splendor and applause;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.

From one *fam'd Alpine* hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters ly,
Here burst the *Rhone* and sounding *Po*, there shine
In infant rills the *Danube* and the *Rhine*;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In *Brunswic* such a source the muse adores,
Which public blessings thro' half *Europe* pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and *George* are *rivals* for the fame:
George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd satire into praise.

* Nor *human* rage alone his pow'r perceives,
 But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves*.
 Ev'n storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
 And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
 Thus, *nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree,
 Stiles *Britain's* sovereign, Sovereign of the *sea*.

While *sea* and *air*, great *Brunswic*, shook our
 state,

And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
 Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd with fear,
 Of ever losing what she held most dear,
 How did *Britannia*, like † *Achilles*, weep,
 And tell her sorrows to the *kindred deep*;
 Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
 Strive for thee with the surge, and fight the storm?

What felt thy *Walpole*, pilot of the realm?
 Our *Palinurus* ‡ slept not at the helm;
 His eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
 And outwatch every star for *Brunswic's* sake.
 By thwarting passions tofs'd, by cares oppress'd,
 He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast.
 But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
 No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
 His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form
 At will, to raise, or hush the *civil* storm.

* The king in danger by sea.

† HOM. II. lib. I.

‡ Ecce Deus rantum Lethaeo rore madentem, &c. VIRG. Lib. V.

A
K E Y
TO THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE I.

—gives applause to B—e, or to me.

Blackmore, (Sir Richard.)

—Churchmen scripture, for the classics, quit,

Polite apostates from God's grace, to wit.

N. B. Virgil, Horace, Terence, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Cicero's opera, Caesar's comment. Homer, &c. were published by Bishop Hare, Dr Bentley, Dr Davis, Dr Clarke, Dr Pearce, &c.

S—e's humour.

Steele (Sir Richard.)

P—y's eloquence:

Pulteney (William, Esq;)

If at his title T— had dropt his quill, &c.

Dr Trapp, when professor of poetry in the university of Oxford, wrote *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, Poetical Lectures, which were deservedly esteemed; but upon his blank-verse version of Virgil, volume the first, Doctor Evans of St John's college, Oxon, sent the following distich:

*Read the commandments, Trapp, translate no further,
For there 'tis written, Thou shalt do no murder.*

A. is depos'd, and B. with pomp restor'd.

This alludes to Mr Theobald's publication of a book, intitled, *Shakespeare Restor'd*, in opposition to Mr Pope's edition of that author.

C—dos he'll out-do.

Chandos (duke of)

KEY to the Universal Passion.

—B—t—on, thy taste is not so true. Burlington (earl of)
 Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known,
 Nor is good P—b—ke more in love with stone.

Sir Andrew Fountain, and the late earl of Pembroke,
 both great admirers of antique statues.

Put off at night with lady B——'s hair.

The venerable grey-headed countess of Bristol.

Fewer grave lords to S——pe discreetly bend.

Mr Scroope, a great money-lender.

S A T I R E II.

Paul Diack, who gave name to a tulip, was an honest,
 toping, old citizen of London, and a great stock-jobber,
 —T——n turn'd upholsterer, &c.

Tonson (Jacob) fitted up many libraries of gilt books
 for South-Sea cockcombs, 1720.

—Leaves to O—— Orrery, (Charles earl of)

D—— Dorset, (earl of) the poet's patron.

Miss D—— tottering. Miss Duncomb.

—the Stagyrte. Aristotle.

tience, D——, that openness of heart. Doddington.

St——pe in wit, in breeding D——ne.

Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield. Deloraine (lord)

S A T I R E III.

—H——y's eyes unmercifully keen. Lady Hervey

Well, H——r, dost thou thy master serve.

Heiddegger, director of the masquerades.

S A T I R E IV.

While C—— mourns, &c.

Anthony Collins, Esq; founder of the sect of Free-
 thinkers.

C——, who makes so merry with the Creed,

The same A. Collins.

KEY to the Universal Passion.

Arb——t is a fool, and F—— a sage.

S——cy will fright you, E—— engage.

Dr Arbutnot, Daniel de Foë, Sir Charles Sedley.

S——x is the worst of friends.

Suffex.

Q——y is fair.

duchess of Queensberry.

S—— the foremost toyman of his time.

Sloan (Sir Hans), alluding to his *Musæum*.

Unhappy J——y.

Lady Jersey.

B——le shines in council, M——t in the fight :

P——m's magnificent, but J—— can write.

Boyle, Charles, earl of Orrery. Mordaunt, Charles, earl of

Peterborow. Pelham, duke of Newcastle. John Dennis.

Will H——t pardon, if I dare commend ;

H——t with zeal, a patron, and a friend ?

A——le true wit is studious to restore ;

And D—— smiles, if Phoebus smil'd before.

P——ke, in years, the long-liv'd arts admires,

And Henrietta like a muse inspires.

Harcourt (lord chancellor.) Argyle (duke of). Dorset

(duke of). Thomas Pembroke (late earl of)

Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley.

Character of Augustas, in the conclusion, applied to his

late majesty, (George I.)

S A T I R E V.

Foubert has the forming of the fair.

Major Foubert, a Riding-master.

Sir H——s

Sir Hans Sloan, M. D.

The fair philosopher to Rowley * flies.

Lady D——

Dashwood or Dyjart.

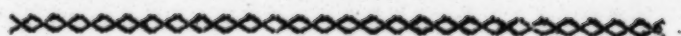
S A T I R E VI.

Zinek, the greatest master in miniature, enamel painting,
in Europe.

* The late Mr Rowley, an eminent mathematical instru-
ment-maker, under St Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

KEY to the Universal Passion.

H——y the first wit—— lord Hervey.
 Cruel R——d. duke of Richmond.
 G——n. lady Betty Germain.
 H——, P——, B——, Hervey, Pearce, Blount, (ladies.)
 C——s. Collins (Anthony, Esq.)
 T——l——n, Archbishop Tillotson's, and Dr Burnet's doctrine
 of the non-eternity of hell-torments.
 K——p. Mrs Kemp, keeper of an *assemblée*.
 Carolina's heart, &c.
 Acknowledgement of the late queen's favours to the
 author.



O D E S,

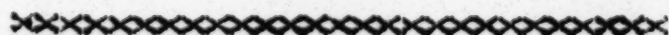
OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S

ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT.

OF THE

SEA-SERVICE.



I Think myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance ; and I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work, as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general ; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country, as oft as occasion shall require it : a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of *Greenwich-hospital*, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision, for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country. [SPEECH, Jan. 27. 1727-8.]

TO THE
K I N G.

M.DCC.XXVIII.

I.

O L D *Ocean's* praise
Demands my lays ;
A truly *British* theme I sing ;
A theme so great,
I dare complete,
And join with *Ocean, Ocean's* king.

II.

The *Roman* ode
Majestic flow'd ;
In *stream* divinely clear, and strong ;
In sense, and sound,
Thebes roll'd profound ;
The *torrent* roar'd, and foam'd along.

III.

Let *Thebes*, nor *Rome*,
So fam'd, perfume
To triumph o'er a northern isle ;
Late time shall know
The *North* can glow,
If dread *Augustus* deign to smile.

IV.

The Naval crown
 Is all his own !
 Our fleet, if *war*, or *commerce* call,
 His will performs
 Through waves and storms,
 And rides in triumph round the ball.

V.

No former race,
 With strong embrace,
 This theme to ravish durst aspire ; -
 With virgin charms
 My soul it warms,
 And melts melodious on my lyre.

VI.

My lays I file
 With cautious toil :
 Ye graces ! turn the glowing lines :
 On anvils neat
 Your strokes repeat ;
 At every stroke the work refines !

VII.

How music charms ?
 How metre warms ?
 Parent of actions, good and brave !
 How vice it tames ?
 And worth inflames ?
 And holds proud empire o'er the grave ?

VIII.

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit scorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

IX.

Since years will fly,
And pleasures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since, while life lasts,
Joy suffers blasts,
From frowning fate, and fickle chance;

X.

Nor life is long;
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid shore;
We make, at least,
Of bad the best,
If in life's fantom, fame, we soar.

XI.

Our strains divide
The laurels pride;
With those we list to life, we live;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

XII.

What hero's praise
 Can fire my lays,
 Like his, with whom my lay begun?
 "Justice sincere,
 "And courage clear,
 "Rise, the two columns of his throne.

XIII

"How form'd for sway,
 "Who look, obey;
 "They read the monarch in his port;
 "Their love and awe
 "Supply the law;
 "And his own lustre makes the court:"

XIV.

On yonder height,
 What golden light
 Triumphant shines? And shines alone?
 Unrivall'd blaze!
 The nations gaze!
 'Tis not the sun; 'tis Britain's throne.

XV.

Our monarch, there,
 Rear'd high in air,
 Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
 Like *British* oak,
 Derides the stroke;
 His blooming honours far extend!

XVI.

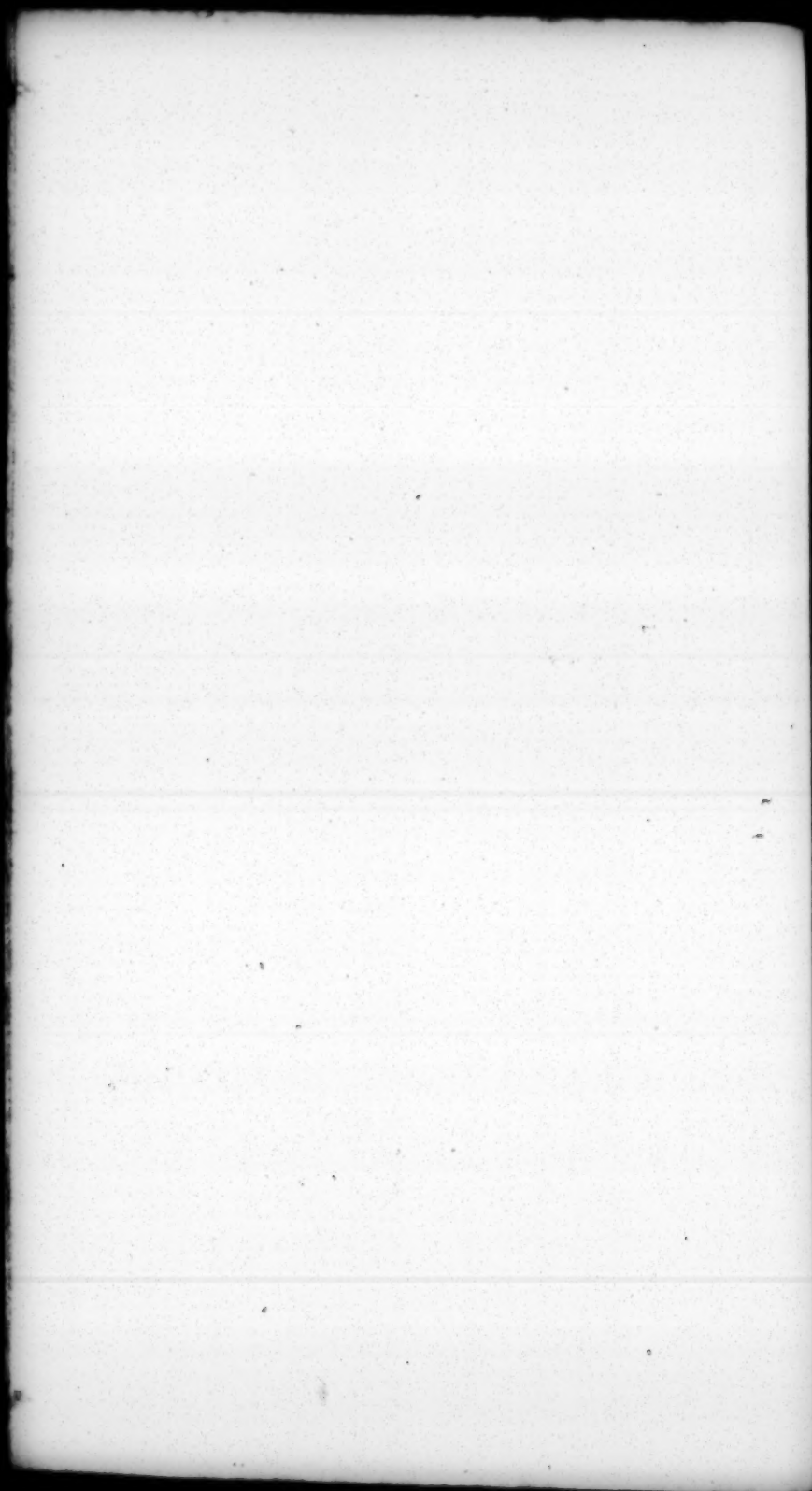
Beneath them lyes,
 With lifted eyes,
 Fair *Albion* like an amorous maid;
 While *interest* wings
 Bold foreign kings
 To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

XVII.

At his proud foot
 The *sea*, pour'd out,
 Immortal nourishment supplies;
 Thence *wealth* and *state*,
 And *power* and *fate*,
 Which *Europe* reads in *George's* eyes.

XVIII.

From what we view,
 We take the clue,
 Which leads from great to greater things:
 Men doubt no more,
 But gods adore,
 When such resemblance shines in kings.



EPISTLES

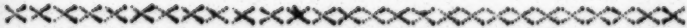
T O

Mr P O P E,

CONCERNING THE

AUTHORS of the AGE.

M. DCC. XXX.



EPISTLE I.

T O

MR P O P E.

WHILST you at *Twick'nam* plan the future
wood,

Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets ; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets, and load the stall :
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight ;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And *Codrus*' prose works up, and *Lico*'s strains.
Lo ! what from *cellars* rise. what rush from high,
Where speculation's roosted near the sky ;
Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,
And all the *garret* thunders on the throng !

O *Pope* ! I burst ; nor can, nor will, refrain ;
I'll write ; let others, in their turn complain ;
Truce, truce, ye *Vandals* ! my tormented ear
Lest dreads a pillory than pamphleteer ;
I've *heard* myself to death : and plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my pow'r ?
For who can write the true absurd like me ?—
Thy pardon, *Codrus* ! who, I mean, but thee ?

Pope ! if like mine or *Codrus* were thy title,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file ;

Merit less solid, less despite had bred,
 They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*,
Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys,
 But more or less his rival's peace destroys.
 With *fame* in just proportion *envy* grows;
 The man that makes a character, makes foes:
 Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
 As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
 With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
 (To shew they live) they flutter and they sting:
 But as by depredations wasps proclaim
 The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motly train,
 Whether with ale irriguous, or Champagne?
 Whether they trade the vale of prose, or climb,
 And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
 The college sloven, or embroider'd spark,
 The purple prelate, or the parish-clerk,
 The quiet *quidnunc*, or demanding prig,
 The plaintiff *Tory*, or defendant *Whig*;
 Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay or sad,
 Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
 Profoundly dull or shallowly polite;
 Men that read well, or men that only write:
 Whether peers, porters, taylor, tune their reeds,
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
 For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut.
 His hammer this and that his trowel quits;
 And wanting sense for tradesmen, leave for wits.
 By thriving men subsists each other trade,
 Of every broken craft a writer's made:

Thus his material, paper, takes its birth,
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail, fruitful *isle*! to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame:
Thy sons by print may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt whene'er they please;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence.
This heavy prose our injur'd reason tires,
Their verse immoral kindles loose desires;
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime;
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To shew (in vain :) he still retains his wits.
Another marries, and his dear proves keen,
He writes as an *Hypnotic* for the spleen.
Some write confin'd by physic, some by debt,
Some for 'tis *Sunday*, some because 'tis wet:
Thro' private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spite.
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has *Lico* learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: why write then? he wants twenty pound.
His belly, not his brains this impulse give;
He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live.
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made but of his theme;

176 E P I S T L E I.

Perhaps a *title* has his fancy smit,
 Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit.
 He writes, in inspiration puts his trust;
 Tho' wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them
 just:

Genius directly from the *gods* descends,
 And who by labour would distrust his *friends*?
 Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
 In immortality he dips his quill;
 And since blank paper is deny'd the press,
 He mingles the whole alphabet by guess.
 In various sets which various words compose,
 Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the *Sybil* broke,
 Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;
 The priests found out the meaning if they could,
 And nations star'd at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole
 And great concern of an immortal soul!)
 Oft have I said, "Awake! exist! and strive
 "For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
 As oft I overheard the *daemon* say,
 Who daily met the loit'rer in his way,
I'll meet the youth, at White's: the youth replies,
I'll meet thee there, and falls his sacrifice;
 His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
 To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry snare:
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
 Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
 Such heroes have we! all, but life, they stake;
 How must *Spain* tremble and the *Cerivan* shake!

Such writers have we! all, but sense, they print;
 Ev'n *George's* praise is dated from the *mint*.
 In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
 Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
 Reform your lives before ye thus aspire,
 And steal (for you *can steal*) celestial fire.

O the just contrast! O the beauteous strife!
 'Twixt their cool writings and *Pindaric* life;
 They write with phlegm, but then they live with
 fire;

They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.

I reverence misfortune, not deride;
 I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
 For who so sad, but must some mirth confess
 At gay *Castruchio's* miscellaneous dress?
 Tho' there's but *one* of the dull works he wrote,
 There's ten *editions* of his old lac'd coat.

These, nature's commoners, who want a home,
 Claim the wide world for their majestic dome:
 They make a private study of the street,
 And looking full on every man they meet,
 Run soule against his chops; who stands amaz'd
 To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
 How must these bards be rapt into the skies?
 You need not *read*, you *feel* their extasies.

Will they persist? 'tis madness; *Lintot* run,
 See them confin'd—"O that's already done."
 Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
 Have took, for life, possession of the *mint*.
 If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est ulubris, they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
 And then pronounce just judges learning's foes.
 O frail conclusion! the reverse is true,
 If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you.
 Treat them, ye judges, with an honest scorn,
 And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
 There's true good nature in your disrespect;
 In justice to the good, the bad neglect.
 For immortality, if hardships plead,
 It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O! what wisdom can convince a fool;
 But that 'tis dullness to conceive him dull?
 'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
 Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin-author, recent from the press,
 The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;
 Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed.
 Those in his hand, and glory in his head,
 'Tis joy too great, a fever of delight!
 His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night;
 But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
 He finds that without sleeping he could dream:
 So sparks (they say) take goddesses to bed,
 And find next day the devil in their stead.

In vain *advertisements* the town o'erspread;
 They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
 Who *press* for fame, but small recruits will raise,
 'Tis *volunteers* alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
 Of his immortal work displays the plan,
 And says, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fear dismiss;
 "Your glory, and my own, shall live by this;

“ Your pow’r is fixt, your famethro’ time convey’d,
 “ And *Britain Europe’s* queen—if I am paid.”

A statesman has his answer in a trice ;

“ Sir, such a genius is beyond all price,

“ What man can pay for this ?”—Away he turns.

His work is folded, and his bosom burns,

His patron he will patronize no more ;

But rushes, like a tempest, out of door.

Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name !

Out comes the piece, another, and the same ;

For *A*, his magic pen evokes an *O*,

And turns the tide of *Europe* on the foe.

He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,

But ’tis so very foul, it won’t go off:

Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar ;

But when once publish’d, they are heard no more.

Thus distant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,

The block’s a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can those oblige, whose heads and hearts are such ?

No, every party’s tainted by their touch.

Infected persons fly each public place ;

And none, or enemies alone, embrace.

To the foul fiend their every passion’s sold ;

They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold.

What image of their fury can we form ?

Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.

Rest they in peace ? if you are pleas’d to buy,

To swell your sails, like *Lapland* winds, they fly:

Write they with rage ? the tempest quickly flags,

A *State-Ulysses* tames ’em with his bags ;

Let him be what he will, *Turk, Pagan, Jew*;

For *Christian* ministers of state are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head,
That pours his politics thro' pipes of lead,
Which far and near ejaculate, and spout
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout.

But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away.

With *golden* forceps, these, another takes,
And state elixirs of the vipers makes.

The *richest* statesman wants wherewith to *pay*
A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
Nor can the *greatest* pow'rs enough *disgrace*,
Enough *chastise*, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh, how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong!
Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well brib'd, for virtue's self they fight;
Still in the wrong, tho' champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.

Nought but inconstancy *Britannia* meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets;
From the same hand how various is the page?
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage?
Tracts battle tracts, self contradictions glare;
Say is this lunacy? — I wish it were.
If such our writers startled at the sight,
Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!

How justly *Proteus'* transmigrations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern wit!
Now, such a gentle *stream* of eloquence
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;

Now, by mad rage transform'd into a *flame*,
 Which yet fit engines well apply'd can tame;
 Now, on immodest trash the *swine obscene*
 Invites the town to sup at *Drury-lane*;
 A dreadful *lion* now, he roars at pow'r,
 Which sends him to his brothers at the *tow'r*;
 He's now a *serpent*, and his double tongue
 Salutes, nay licks the feet of those he stung.
 What knot can bind him, his evasion such?
 One knot he well deserves, which might do much.

The flood, flame, swine, the lion and the snake,
 Those fivefold monsters modern authors make.
 The *snake* reigns most; snakes, *Pliny* says, are bred,
 When the *brain's* perish'd in a human head.
 Ye groveling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat things,
 Made up of venom, volumes, stains and stings!
 Thrown from the *tree of knowledge*, like you, curst
 To scribble in the dust, was snake the first.

What if the *figure* should in *fact* prove true?
 It did in *Elkenä*, why not in you?
 Poor *Elkenä*, all other changes past,
 For bread, in *Smithfield dragons* hilt at last,
 Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
 And found his manners suited to his shape:
 Such is the fate of talents misapply'd,
 So liv'd your *prototype*, and so he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train,
 May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
 But in their fate, their habit and their mein,
 That gods there are is eminently seen.
 Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
 And marks the murderers of fame from men.

Thro' meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
 As ghastly as their brothers in *Macbeth*.
 Their feet thro' faithless leather meet the dirt,
 And oftner chang'd their principles than shirt;
 The transient vestments of these frugal men
 Hasten to paper for our mirth again.
 Too soon, (O merry melancholy fate!)
 They beg in rhyme, and warble thro' a grate:
 The man lampoon'd, forgets it at the sight;
 The friend thro' pity gives, the foe thro' spight;
 And tho' full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor *Cur!* can with them worse.
 So fare the men, who writers dare commence
 Without their patent, probity and sense.

From *these* their politics our *quidnuncs* seek,
 And *Saturday's* the learning of the week.
These labouring wits, like paviers, mend our ways,
 With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays.
 Ram their coarse nonsense down, tho' ne'er so dull,
 And hem at every thump upon your skull.
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
 And honest folly echoes to the lye.
 O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
 Thanking a villain for his *probity*!
 Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
 With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer;
 It tickles thro' my soul to hear the *ebck's*
 Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
 Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights*!
 While graceless *Reynard* listens—till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state
 Discharges all her *poor* and *profligate*;

E P I S T L E I. 183

Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
 And *prisons* pour their filth into the field;
 Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
 Compose the *black militia* of the *pen*.

EPISTLE II.

From OXFORD.

ALL write at *London*; shall the rage abate
Here where it most should shine, the *musés seat*?
Where, mortal or immortal as they please,
The learn'd may chuse eternity or ease?
Has not a * ROYAL PATRON wisely strove
To woo the muse in her *Athenian* grove?
Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
And giv'n new tongues to those who spoke so well?
Let *these* instruct, with truth's illustrious ray
Awake the world, and scare our owls away.

Meanwhile, O friend! indulge me if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write* and *live*:
Serious should be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.

An *author*! 'tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up *dictators* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *shine* if not in *virtue's* cause,
That sole proprietor of just applause?

Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
With those great authors whose fam'd works you
read?

'Tis well: go then, consult the laurel'd shade.

* His late majesty's benefaction for modern languages

What answer will the laurel'd shade return?
 Hear it and tremble! he commands you burn
 The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
 That boast of nought more excellent than *wit*.
 If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
 Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fontaine and *Chaucer*, dying, with'd unwrote
 The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and *Waller*, brightest sons of fame,
 Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame:
 And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
 To think that *early* we must think *at last*.

Immortal wits, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,
 Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause,
 And their guilt growing as their bodies rot,
 (Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.

Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
 The sacred *thirst* of *gold*, betray your pen?
 In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
 Provokes the muse, extorts *Apollo's* curse;
 His sacred influence never shou'd be sold,
 'Tis arrant *Simony* to sing for gold:
 'Tis immortality shou'd fire your mind;
 Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
 Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe;
 All's on the party of the virtuous man;
 The good will surely serve him if they can;
 The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
 And 'tis at once their *interest* and their *pride*:
 But should both fail to take him to their care,
 He boasts a *greater* friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense,
 And what is virtue but superior sense?
 In parts and learning you who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double-dy'd.
 What is a scandal of the first renown,
 But letter'd knaves, and *atheists* in a gown?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
 The least misconduct damns the brightest sense:
 Each shallow pate that cannot read your name,
 Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
 Flagitious manners make impressions deep
 On those that o'er a page of *Milton* sleep:
 Nor in their dulness think to save your shame,
 True, these are fools, but wise men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
 If they confine their talents to the pen;
 When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
 Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
 Yet proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
 And play the fool because they're men of sense.
 What instances bleed recent in each thought,
 Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought?
 Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
 Purely thro' want of wit to be undone?
 Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,
 That *wit*'s a jewel which we need not wear;
 Of plain sound *sense* life's current coin is made,
 With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us, *wit* betrays,
 A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
 A certain snare to miseries immense;
 A gay prerogative from common sense;

Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
Yet still forbear : your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal ;
As it is great to seek the golden prize
Of place or power ; but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live ;
Deserve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is ; how dear 'twill cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press :
Who write, an awful character profess ;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame :
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
Shou'd dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit ;
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ :
No writer fam'd in your own way pass o'er ;
Much trust example, but reflection more :
More had the antients writ, they more had taught,
Which shews some work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd ; perfection know, and known
adore,

Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more :
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix ;
And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write and rewrite, blot out and write again,
 And for its *swiftnefs* ne'er applaud your pen.
 Leave to the jockeys that *Newmarket* praise,
 Slow runs the *Pegasus* that wins the bays.
Much time for *immortality* to pay,
 Is just and wise: for *less* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the *languishing* brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain*:
 The same good sense that makes a man excel,
 Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
 Downright impossibilities they seek;
 What man can be immortal in a week?

Excuse no *fault*, tho' beautiful, 'twill harm;
 One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
 Our age demands correctness; *Addison*,
 And *you*, this commendable hurt have done.
 Now writers find, as once *Achilles* found,
 The *whole* is mortal, if a *part's* unsound.

He that *strikes out*, and strikes not out the *best*,
 Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:
 Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
 We praise for what you *burn*, and what you *spare*:
 The part you burn smells sweet before the shrine,
 And is as incense to the part divine.

Nor *frequent* write, tho' you can do it well,
 Men may too *oft*, tho' not too *much* excel.
 A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
 Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
 They granted you writ well, what can they more,
 Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?

Do *boldly* what you do, and let your page
 Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.

So faintly *Lucius* censures and commends,
That *Lucius* has no foes except his friends.

Let *satire* less engage you than *applause*;
It shews a generous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king's*, *country's*, *truth's*, *religion's* friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity in debt.
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
First *have* that glory you presume to *give*.

If *satire* charms, strike faults, but spare the man,
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.

Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high,
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good-breeding sends the *satire* to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the *structure* scan,
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:

Defaults in those alone shou'd give offence;
Who strikes the *person*, pleads his innocence.

My narrow-minded *satire* can't extend
To *Codrus'* form, I'm not so much his friend.
Himself shou'd publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.

Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.

Is that call'd *humour*? it has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit or sense.

Unless you boast the genius of a *Swift*,
Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *last shift*.

Can others write like you? your task give o'er;
'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.

If nought peculiar thro' your labours run,
 They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
 Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
 Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn:
 To nurse with quick reflection, be your strife,
 Thoughts born from present objects, warm from life:
 When most unsought, such inspirations rise,
 Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise:
 Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
 These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er,
 Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
 True, all men think of course, as all men dream;
 And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half renown,
 They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
 No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
 But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty the *subject*, cogent the *discourse*,
 Clear be the *style*, the very *sound* of force,
 Easy the *conduct*, simple the *design*,
 Striking the *moral*, and the *soul* divine:
 Let nature, art; and judgment, wit exceed;
 O'er learning reason reign; o'er that, your *creed*:—
 Thus *virtue's seeds* at once, and *laurels*, grow;
 Do thus, and rise a *Pope*, or a *Despreau*.
 And when your genius exquisitely shines,
 Live up to the full lustre of your lines:
 Parts but expose those men who virtue quit,
 A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
 And they plead *Lucifer's* detested cause,
 Who for bare talents challenge our applause.

Would you restore just honours to the pen ?
From able writers *rise* to worthy men.

“ Who’s this with nonsense, nonsense would re-
strain ?

“ Who’s this, (they cry) so vainly schools the vain ?

“ Who damns our trash, with so much trash re-
plete ;

“ As, three ells round, huge *Cheyne* rails out at
meat ?”

Shall I, with *Bavius*, then, my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault ?
With huge *examens* overwhelm my page,
And darken reason with dogmatic rage ?
As if one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In prose a duller cou’d excuse the crime ?
Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

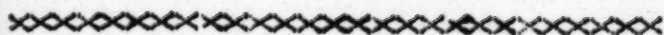
At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe ;
Time is the judge ; *time* has nor friend nor foe ;
False fame *must* wither, and the true *will* grow.
Arm’d with this truth, all critics I defy ;
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die ;
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,
To wound *immortals*, or to slay the slain.

Sore prest with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets level’d at my head,
Thus have I forg’d a buckler in my brain
Of recent form to serve me this campaign ;
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug’d with ink, and sleep behind my shield ;

192 E P I S T L E II.

Unless dire *Codrus* rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me— for a day.

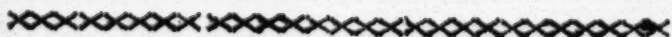
As turns a flock of geese, and on the green,
Poke out their foolish necks in aukward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *hiss*, not *bite*;
So war their quills, when *sons of dulness* write.



A
P A R A P H R A S E

On P A R T of the

BOOK of JOB.



Vol. I.

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P A R A P H R A S E

On P A R T of the

BOOK OF JOB*.

THRICE happy *Job* † long-liv'd in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd:

* It is disputed among the critics who was the author of the book of *Job*; some give it to *Moses*, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me, which favour the former of these opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chapter xxxviii. &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most antient poem in the world. Bishop *Patrick* says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it: so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of *Job*.

I use the word *Paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The *Mountain*, the *Comet*, the *Sun*, and other parts, are entirely added; those upon the *Peacock*, the *Lion*, &c. are much enlarged: and I have thrown the whole into a method

At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
 And ills on ills succeed, a dreadful train!
 What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
 The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
 And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
 So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?
 A change so sad what mortal heart cou'd bear?
 Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear,
 But gave him all to grief: low earth he prest,
 Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
 His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
 Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
 And seven long days in solemn silence spent;
 A debt of reverence to distress so great!
 Then *Job* contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate:
 His day of birth, its inauspicious light
 He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
 And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
 Death, instant death, impatient for the grave;

more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious,
 if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter
 myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have in-
 dulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews
 that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech
 of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems
 indeed the proper stile of majesty incensed. It differs
 from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute
 himself, does from a common execution; for he that asks
 the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass
 sentence on himself.

That seat of bliss, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings,
O happy turn! no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
And summon all their reason to the field.
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the last extent of human thought;
A pause ensu'd. When lo! heav'n interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.

Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies;
(They saw, and trembled!)* from the darkness broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke:

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign?
Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
And tells the world's Creator what is just?

* The book of *Job* is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of old *Greece*, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after practice of the *Greek* stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which *Job* lived, than to any since. Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exod.* chap. xix. *Ezek.* ch. i. &c. Hence is he said to dwell in thick darkness: and have his way in the whirlwind.

Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
 Face my demand, and give it a reply.
 Where didst thou dwell at nature's early birth?
 Who laid foundations for the spacious *earth*?
 Who on its surface did extend the line,
 Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
 Who fix'd the corner-stone? what hand, declare,
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it in air?
 When the bright morning-stars in concert sung,
 When heav'n's high arch with loud Hosannas rung,
 When shouting sons of GOD the triumph crown'd,
 And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound.
 Earth's num'rous *kingdoms*, hast thou view'd them all?
 And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
 Who heav'd the *mountain*, which sublimely stands,
 And casts its shadow into distant lands?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the *deep*,
 Can that wild world in due subjection keep?
 I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd side,
 And did a basin for the floods provide;
 I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea
 Work'd up in tempests heard my great decree;
 " * Thus far, thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
 " And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd."

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of *Let there be light, &c.* so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

Hast thou explor'd the *secrets* of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep;
Where down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rowling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades, but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the *light*, in what refulgent dome?
And where has *darkness* made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is
fraught

With ripen'd wisdom through long ages brought,
Since nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye.

Are *misses* begotten? who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of *dew*?
To bind the stream by night what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *frost*?
Whose pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone;
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?

Thou know'st me not, thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument, that *Moses* is author of the book of *Jab*.

Canst thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?

Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them rowl
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?

Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who in rough desarts, far from human toil
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.

To check the show'r who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains,
But new in life a chearful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?

Hast thou e'er scal'd my wint'ry skies, and seen
Of *hail* and *snows* my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes thro' nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful *thunder*? points it where to fall,
And in fierce *light'ning* wraps the flying ball?—

Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the *comet* out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein
That guides the stars along th' etherial plain;
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
Canst thou the skies benevolence restrain,
And cause the *Pleiades* to shine in vain?
Or, when *Orion* sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
Bid *Mazaroth* his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright *Arcturus* where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn?
Awake the *sun*, and bid him come away,
And glad the world with his obsequious ray?
Hast thou enthron'd in flaming glory driv'n
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n?
That pomp of light what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lyes basking in the blaze?

Who did the *soul* with her rich pow'rs invest,
And light up reason in the human breast,
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night?
To these my various questions make reply.
Th' Almighty spoke, and, speaking, shook the sky.

What then, *Chaldean* fire, was thy surprise ?
Thus thou, with trembling heart, and down-cast
eyes,

“ Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
“ My tongue has err’d, but shall presume no more:
“ My voice is in eternal silence bound,
“ And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground.”

He ceas’d: when lo! again th’ Almighty spoke;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind
broke.

Can that arm measure with an arm divine ?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine ?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When mad with tempests all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies ?

Come forth in beauty’s excellence array’d,
And be the grandeur of thy pow’r display’d;
Put on omnipotence, and frowning make
The spacious round of the creation shake;
Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust: when this is done,
I grant thy safety lodg’d in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and may’st undaunted stand
Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast thou produc’d, what creatures
fram’d,

What insects cherish’d, that thy GOD is blam’d ?

When * pain'd with hunger the wild *raven* brood:
Loud calls on God importunate for food,
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest?

Who in the stupid † *ostrich* has subdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?

* Another argument that *Moses* was the author, is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are *Egyptian*. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of providence, is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *κράσσω α' κ'ράξ*, *Helian.* l. 2. c. 48. is to ask earnestly. And since there were ravens on the bank of the Nile, more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in that place.

† There are many instances of this bird's stupidity; let two suffice. First, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight.

Stat lumine clauso

Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere

Quae non ipsa videt

CLAUD.

Secondly. They that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain that *Heliogabalus* had fix hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe, that our judicious as well as sublime author just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A likeness is lost in too much description, as a meaning often in too much illustration.

While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
 Without an owner, on the sandy ground ;
 Cast out on fortune, they at mercy ly,
 And borrow life from an indulgent sky ;
 Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
 They ripen under his prolific ray ;
 Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
 May crush her young in their neglected bed ;
 * What time she skims along the field with speed,
 † She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.

‡ How rich the peacock ? what bright glories run
 From plume to plume, and vary in the sun ?
 He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
 Gives all his colours, and adorns the day,

* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

*Vasta velut Lybiae venantum vocibus ales
 Cum premetur calidus cursu transmittit arenas,
 Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
 Pulverulenta volat——*

CLAUD. in Eutr.

† Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass ; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

‡ Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun, is true. *Expandit colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. l. x. c. 20.

With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the *hawk* to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;
The sun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' strong the *hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,
An *eagle* drops her in a lower sky;
An *eagle* when deserting human sight,
She seeks the sun in her unweary'd flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and seat her on the clift,
Where far above *thy* world she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
‡ Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey?
She feasts her young with blood, and hov'ring o'er
Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the *promis'd* gore.

* *Thuanus* (*de re accip.*) mentions a hawk that flew from
Paris to *London* in a night.

And the *Egyptians*, in regard to its swiftness, made it
their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may sup-
pose the hawk, as well as the crow *above*, to have been a
bird of note in *Egypt*.

‡ The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when
she is so high in the air that man cannot see her, she can
discern the smallest fish under water. My author accu-
rately understood the nature of the creatures he describes,
and seems to have been a naturalist as well as a poet,
which the next note will confirm.

† Know'st thou how many moons, by me assign'd,
 Rowl o'er the mountain *goat*, and forest *hind*,
 While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
 They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
 Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,
 Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
 They live at once, forsake the dam's warm side,
 Take the wide world, with nature for their guide,
 Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade,
 And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall *reem*, which knows no lord but me,
 Lowe at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
 Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
 Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
 Since great his strength, go trust him void of care,
 Lay on his neck the toil of all the year,
 Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
 And cast his load among the gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the *wild ass* discharge,
 And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
 Thro' the wide waste his ample mansion roam,
 And lose himself in his unbounded home?

† The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the *time and circumstances* of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. *Pliny* observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called *Seselis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of providence) has the same effect. *Psal.* xxix. In so early an age to observe these things, may stile our author a naturalist.

By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoke the city throng,
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike *horse*! didst thou invest
With thunder his robust distended chest?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze:
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
High-rais'd he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war,
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
How does his firm, his rising heart advance
Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance,
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the light'ning of the field!
He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side,
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his last.

But fiercer still the lordly *lion* stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks:
When round he glares, all living creatures fly,
He clears the desert with his rowling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,

Where bent on death ly hid his tawny brood,
 And couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
 Or stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
 † By the pale moon they take their distin'd round,
 And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground:
 Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill;
 They rage, they rend, their rev'nous jaws distil
 With crimson foam; and when the banquet's o'er,
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my *Behemoth*, tho' large his frame,
 Smooth is his temper, and repress his flame,
 While unprovok'd: this native of the flood
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food:
 Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
 To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
 See with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
 All over proof, and shut against a wound;
 How like a mountain cedar moves his tail,
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail:
 Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel, his ribs are ribs of brass;
 His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
 Give the wide forest, and the mountain law:
 The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire;
 At length his greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.

† Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild
 beasts, particularly the lion. *Psalm* civ. 20. The *Arabian*.

The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noon-tide shelter from the burning heat;
Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade:

His eye drinks *Jordan* up, when fir'd with drought,
He trusts to turn its current down his throat;
In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain,
* He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.

† Go to the *Nile*, and from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide;
With slender hair *Leviathan* command,
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand:
Will he become thy servant, will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown,
Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
And bound in silk with thy soft maidens play?

Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize,
And the bowl journey round his ample size?
Or the debating merchants share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?

have one among their 500 names for the lion, which signifies *The Hunter by Moonshine*.

* *Cepheji glaciale caput quo factos anhelant*

Ferre satim Python, amicumque avertere ponto.

STAT. Theb. v. 349.

Qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiat

Flumino, &c.

CLAUD. pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an eastern poet, though some commentators do name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

† The taking the crocodile is most difficult. *Diodorus* says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When *Augustus* conquered *Egypt*, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *NEMO ANTEA RELIGAVIT*.

Through his firm skull what steel its way can win?
 What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
 Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might;
 The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight,
 † The rashest dare not rouse him up; who then
 Shall turn on me, among the sons of men?

Am I a debtor? hast thou ever heard
 Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?
 My lavish fruits a thousand vallies fill,
 And mine the herds, that graze a thousand hills;
 Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own,
 And stars, and sun, are dult beneath my throne:
 And dar'st thou with the world's great father vie,
 Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?

At full my huge *Leviathan* shall rise,
 Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size,
 Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
 Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
 Whose heart sustains him to draw near? * behold
 Destruction yawns, his spacious jaws unfold,
 And, marshall'd round the wide expanse, disclose
 Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
 What hideous fangs on either side arise,
 And what a deep abyss between them lyes?

† This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is,
 when fated with fish, to come ashore and sleep among the
 reeds.

* The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When
 he gapes, says *Pliny*, *fit totum os*. *Martial* says to his
 old woman,

Cum comparata rictus tuis ora

Niliacus lacer crocodilis arguita.

So that the expression there is barely just

Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet sound,
The one how long, the other how profound.

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils rowl,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
† Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire:
The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
Thy terror, this thy great Superior please;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state,
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete,
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part,
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When late awak'd he rears him from his floods,
And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

* Large is his front; and when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.

† This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repress'd is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce or animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him:

Colle huncque premens involvit sub parulis ignem.

By this and the foregoing note I would caution against a false opinion of the eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

* His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning. I think

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
 The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade,
 His naked breast their impotence defies,
 The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies:
 Shut in himself the war without he hears,
 Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
 The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow;
 His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a caldron boil the flood,
 And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
 The billows feel him as he works his way;
 His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;

this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the *Egyptians* stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator I have seen mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the *Egyptians* should be both readers, and admirers of the writings of *Moses*, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already, that three or four of the creatures here described are *Egyptian*; the two last are notoriously so, they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the *Nile*; and on these two our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than *Moses*, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify the Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation that some commentators have rendered *Behemoth* and *Leviathan*, the elephant and whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it; but *Moses* being (as we may well suppose) under an immediate terror of the *Hippopotamus* and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around them, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face,
Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd;
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around,
Makes every swollen disdainful heart subside;
And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

Then the *Chaldean* eas'd his lab'ring breast,
With full conviction of his crime oppress'd.

"Thou can'st accomplish all things, LORD of
might!

"And every thought is naked to thy sight:

"But oh! thy ways are wonderful, and ly

"Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.

"Oft have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,

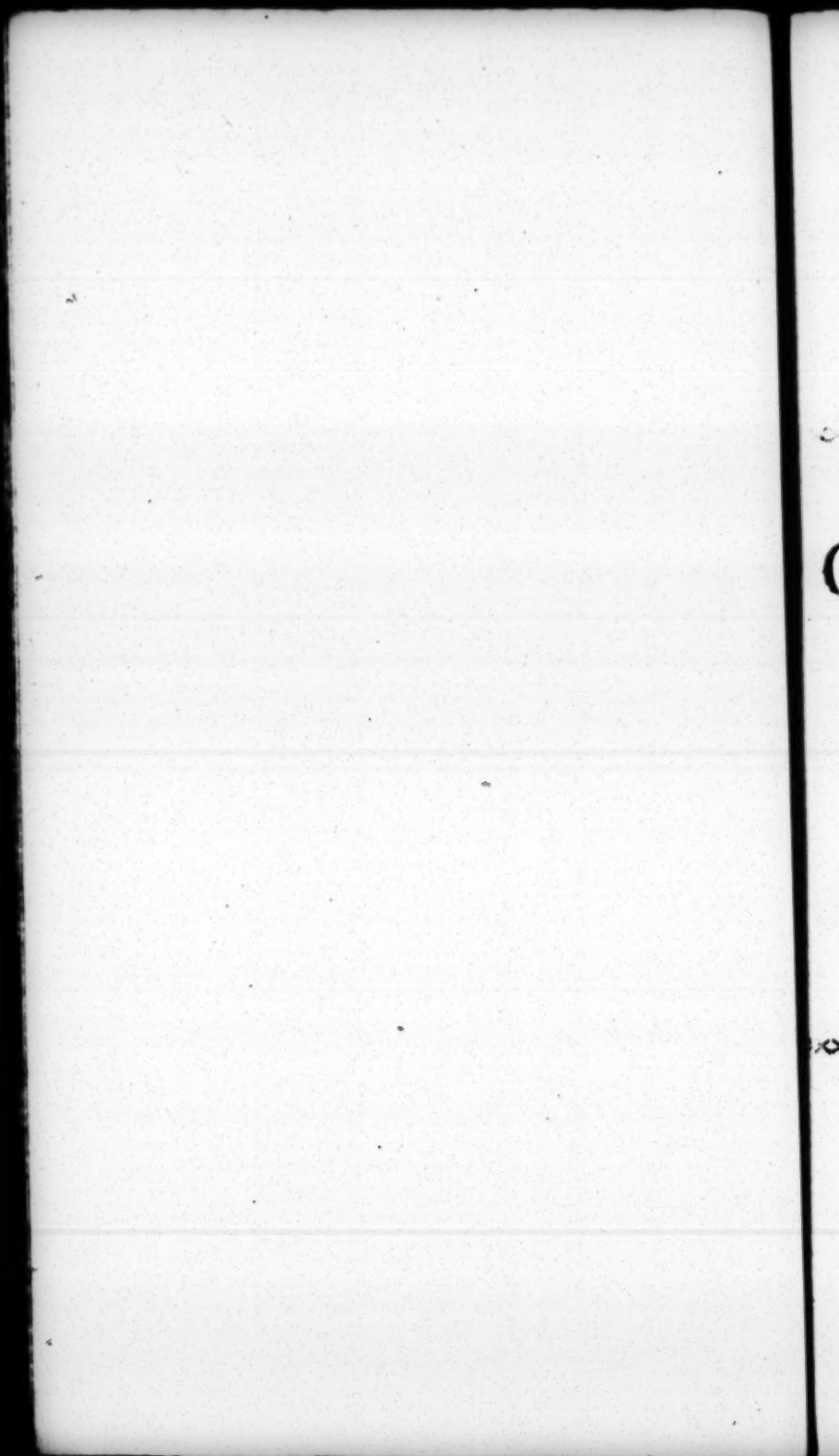
"But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.

"O'erwhelm'd with shame, the LORD of life I see,

"Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee:

"Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more:

"Man is not made to question, but adore."



O C E A N.

A N

O D E.

C

Let

O C E A N.

A N

O D E.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.

Psal. xcviü.

I.

SWEET rural scene
Of flocks and green!

At careless ease my limbs are spread;
All nature still,
But yonder rill;
And list'ning pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In prospect wide,
The boundless tide!
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling seas
Dance on, in measure, to the shore.

III.

Who sings the source
Of wealth and force?
Vast field of commerce, and big war,
Where wonders dwell!
Where terrors swell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

VOL. I.

T

IV.

Where? where are they,
Whom *Paeon's* ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?
What, none aspire?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave resounds!
The rock rebounds!
The *Nereids* to my song reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conspire,
With voice and shell, to lift it high.

VI.

They spread in air,
Their bosoms fair,
Their verdant tresses pour behind;
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

VII.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The god *Apollo*, and his *nine*,
Parnassus' hill,
And *Orpheus'* skill;
But let *Arion's* harp be mine.

VIII.

The main ! the main !
 Is *Britain's* reign ;
 Her strength, her glory is her *fleet* ;
 The main ! the main !
 Be *Britain's* strain ;
 As *Tritons* strong, as *Syrens* sweet.

IX.

Thro' nature wide,
 Is nought descry'd
 So rich in pleasure or surprize ;
 When all-serene,
 How sweet the scene ?
 How dreadful when the billows rise !

X.

And storms deface
 The fluid glass,
 In which e'er while *Britannia* fair
 Look'd down with pride,
 Like *ocean's* bride,
 Adjusting her majestic air ?

XI.

When tempests cease,
 And hush'd in peace,
 The flatten'd surges, smoothly spread,
 Deep silence keep,
 And seem to sleep,
 Recumbent on their oozy bed ;

XII.

With what a trance,
The level glance
Unbroken shoots along the seas ?
Which tempt from shore
The painted oar,
And every canvas courts the breeze !

XIII.

When rushes forth
The frowning *North*
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My shuddering soul
Beholds them rowl,
And hears their roarings o'er my head ?

XIV.

With terror, mark,
Yon flying *bark* !
Now centre-deep descend the brave ;
Now toss'd on high,
It takes the sky,
A feather on the tow'ring wave !

XV.

Now spins around
In whirls profound ;
Now whelm'd ; now pendent near the clouds ;
Now stunn'd it reels
'Midst thunders peals ;
And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

XVI.

All æther burns!
 Chaos returns!
 And blends, once more, the seas and skies.
 No space between
 Thy bosom green,
 O deep! and the blue concave lyes.

XVII.

The northern blast,
 The shatter'd mast,
 The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
 The breaking spout,
 The stars gone out,
 The boiling strait, the monsters shock.

XVIII.

Let others fear;
 To *Britain* dear
 Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
 Those terrors charm,
 Which keep her warm,
 In chace of honest gain or fame.

XIX.

The stars are bright
 To cheer the night,
 And shed, thro' shadows, temper'd fire;
 And *Phœbus* flames
 With burnish'd beams,
 Which some *adore*, and all *admire*.

XX.

Are then the seas
Outshone by *these*?
Bright *Thetis*! thou art not outshone;
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, set in green,
Gold-stars are seen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Those *clouds* whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver *snow*, that pearly *rain*,
Has *Phoebus* stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

The gaudy *bow*,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To *Phoebus*' ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor!
The *pearl* in rows
Pale lustre throws;
The *wealth* immense, which storms devour.

XXV.

From *Indian* mines
With proud designs
The merchant swoln, digs golden ore:
The tempests rise,
And seize the prize,
And toss him breathless on the shore.

XXVI.

His son complains
In pious strains,
“ Ah! cruel thirst of gold,” he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou wat’ry vast!
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings o’er?
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

XXVIII.

Gold *pleasure* buys ;
 But *pleasure* dies,
 Too soon the gross fruition cloy ;
 Tho' *raptures* court,
 The *sense* is short ;
 But *virtue* kindles living joys ;

XXIX.

Joys felt *alone* !
 Joys ask'd of none !
 Which time's and fortune's arrows miss,
 Joys that subsist,
 Tho' fates resist,
 An unprecious, endless bliss !

XXX.

The soul *refin'd*
 Is most inclin'd
 To every *moral* excellence :
 All vice is dull,
 A knave's a fool ;
 And *virtue* is the child of *sense*.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind,
 Nor *wave*, nor *wind*,
 Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
 The shaken ball,
 Nor planets fall,
 From its firm basis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This *Britain* knows,
And therefore glows
With gen'rous passions, and expends
Her *wealth* and *zeal*
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

XXXIII.

What end so great,
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the *main*,
Which tow'ring rose,
With *George* to close,
And rival great *Eliza's* reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From *Britain's* throne,
To re-inflame a grand design;
That voice shall rear
Yon * *fabric fair*,
As nature's rose at the *divine*.

XXXV.

When nature sprung,
Blest angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball;
For strains as high,
As man's can fly,
These sea-devoted honours call.

* A new fund for *Greenwich* hospital recommended
from the throne.

XXXVI.

From boist'rous seas,
The lap of ease
Receives our *wounded*, and our *old*;
High *domes* ascend!
Stretch'd *arches* bend!
Proud *columns* swell! wide *gates* unfold!

XXXVII.

Here, soft-reclin'd;
From wave, from wind,
And fortune's tempest safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing *shadows* o'er.

XXXVIII.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales the lenitives of *age*!
And o'er the bowl,
They fire the soul
Of list'ning *youth* to martial rage.

XXXIX.

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who bask for ever in success;
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long *enjoyment* is *distress*.

XL.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting *mariner* regains,
What *transport* flows
From bare *repose* ?
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

XLI.

Ye warlike slain !
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a wat'ry winding-sheet ;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's * *full-blown* glory greet.

XLII.

What pow'rful charm
Can death disarm ?
Your long, your iron slumbers break ?
By *Jove*, by *fame*,
By *George's* name,
Awake ! awake ! awake ! awake !

XLIII.

With spiral shell,
Full-blasted tell,
That all your wat'ry realms should ring ;
Your *pearl* alcoves,
Your *coral* groves,
Should echo *theirs*, and *Britain's* king.

* Written soon after king George I.'s accession.

XLIV.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As *Carolina's* virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
The *British* flag shall sweep the seas.

XLV.

Peculiar both !
Our soil's *strong growth*,
And our bold natives *hardy mind* ;
Sure heav'n bespoke
Our *hearts* and *oak*,
To give a master to mankind.

XLVI.

That noblest birth
Of teeming earth,
Of forests fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Our grandeur boasts,
And *Britain's* pleasure speaks aloud :

XLVII.

Now big with war,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand ;
Now, sumptuous spoils
Of foreign *soils*
Pours in the bosom of our land.

XLVIII.

Hence, Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms, and of kings ;
And as she frowns
Or smiles, on crowns
A night, or day of *glory* springs.

XLIX.

Thus *ocean* swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high ;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.



A

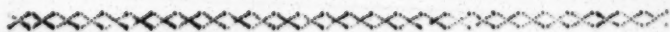
SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING



I. The *British* SAILOR's *Exultation*.

II. His *Prayer* before Engagement.



U 2

I

F

I

THE
DEDICATION.
TO
MR VOLTAIRE.

I.

MY muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen climes to milder skies;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy chearing beam,
A beam of favour, *here* deny'd;
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

II.

* To dive full deep in *antient* days,
The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
And monarchs aggrandize;—the glory, thine;
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd!
Thine, *Epic's* loftier trump to sound;—
But let *Arion's* sea-strung harp be mine.

III.

But where's his *delphin*? Know'st thou where?
May that be found in thee, *Voltaire*!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illustrious raise
My sinking song? Mere *mortal* lays,
So patroniz'd, are rescu'd from the grave.

U 3

* Annals of the Emperor CHARLES XII. LEWIS XIV.

IV.

" Tell me, say'st thou, who courts my smile?

" What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?—

No stranger, Sir! tho' born in foreign climes:

On *Dorset* downs, when *Milton's* page,

With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,

Thy rage provok'd, *who* sooth'd with gentle rhymes?

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,

And gave thee clearly to descry

Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong?

Who half inclin'd thee to confess,

Nor could thy modesty do less,

That *Milton's* blindness lay not in his song?

VI.

But such debates long since are flown;

For ever set the suns that shone

On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey:

How shortly shall we both forget,

To thee my patron, I, my debt,

And thou to thine, for *Prussia's* golden key.

VII.

The present, in oblivion cast,

Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;

Full soon the wide distinction die between

The frowns, and favours of the great;

High-flush'd success, and pale defeat;

The *Gallic* gaiety, and *British* spleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments ! stay :
Oh friend ! as deaf as rapid, they ;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls !
Dost thou not hear it ? I can hear,
Though nothing strikes the listening ear,
Time groans his last ! ETERNAL loudly calls !

IX.

Nor calls in vain ; the call inspires
Far other counsels, and desires,
Than once prevail'd ; we stand on higher ground ;
What scenes we see ?—Exalted aim !
With ardors *new*, our spirits flame ;
Ambition blest ! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

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S E A - P I E C E .

O D E T H E F I R S T .

The BRITISH SAILOR'S *Exultation*.

I.

IN lofty sounds let those delight,
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight ;
And bold in word, of arms decline the stroke :
'Tis mean to boast ; but great to lend
To foes the counsel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence arise these loud alarms ?
Why gleams the *south* with brandish'd arms }
War, bath'd in blood, from curst ambition springs :
Ambition mean ! ignoble pride !
Perhaps their ardors may subside,
When weigh'd the wonders *Britain's* sailor sings.

III.

Hear and revere.—At *Britain's* awful nod,
From each enchanted grove, and wood,
Hastes the huge *oak*, or shadeless forest leaves ;
The mountain *pin*es assume new forms,
Spread canvas-wings, and fly through storms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

She *nods* again: the lab'ring earth
 Discloses a tremendous birth;
 In smoaking rivers runs her molten ore;
 Thence, monsters of enormous size,
 And hideous aspect, threat'ning rise,
 Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

V.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
 On empires wide, an *island's* will,
 When thrones unjust wake vengeance: know, ye
 pow'rs!
 In sudden night, and ponderous balls,
 And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
 When brave *Britannia's* awful senate lours.

VI.

In her * grand council she surveys
 In patriot picture, what may raise,
 Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain;
 From hope's triumphant summit thrown,
 Like darted lightning, swiftly down
 The wealth of *Ind*, and confidence of *Spain*.

VII.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
 And spares her nitrous magazine;
 Her *cannon* slumber, till the proud aspire,
 And leave all law below them; then *they* blaze!
 They thunder from resounding seas,
 Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

* House of Lords.

VIII.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
 And rends the skies! and warms the waves!
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
 In spite of nature, spite of *Jove*,
 While all serene and hush'd above,
 Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

IX.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
 Hurls from her disembowel'd womb;
 Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance, join'd,
 Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous blasts,
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men, and masts;
 And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks
 behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields;
 The wreath immortal, *ocean* yields;
 There war's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
 Whole glory blooms: how pale, how tame,
 How lambent is *Bellona's* flame;
 How her storms languish on the continent?

XI.

From the dread front of *antient* war
 Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,
 Her castled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
 Stoop to these engines which deny
 Superior terrors to the sky,
 And boast their clouds, their thunder and their flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
 The night, by day, the sea of blood,
 Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
 The graveless dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
 A firmament by mortals storm'd,
 To patient *Britain's* angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
 Or see I *Vulcan's* sooty cave,
 Where *Jove's* red bolts the giant brothers frame?
 Those swarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,
 Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
 And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye sons of *Aetna!* hear my call;
 Unfinish'd let those bawbles fall,
 Yon shield of *Mars*, *Minerva's* helmet blue:
 Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
 Charm'd by the magic of my song,
 Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin: * and first take rapid *flight*,
 Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickest *night*,
 And ghastly *terror* paler than the dead;
 Then borrow from the north his *roar*,
 Mix *groans*, and *deaths*; one *phial* pour
 Of wrong'd *Britannia's* wrath; and it is made:
Gaul starts, and trembles,—at your dreadful trade.

* Alluding to *Virgil's* description of thunder.

ODE THE SECOND.

IN WHICH IS

The SAILOR'S PRAYER before
an Engagement.

I.

*S*O form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's shaughty plan, and *Bourbon* shake;
If *Britain's* crimes support not *Britain's* foes,
And edge their swords: O Pow'r Divine!
If blest by Thee the bold design,
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In *Brithin's* cause, by fame enroll'd
In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
From oozy beds, for *Britain's* sake,
Awake, illustrious chiefs! awake;
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

III.

The day commission'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full shock too feeble to sustain;
Or firm to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

IV.

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour!—

"Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!

"Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!

"Now war's important die is thrown,

"If left the day to man alone,

"How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might?

V.

"Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,

"And deep remorse, and sighs sincere

"For *Britain's* guilt, the wrath divine appease;

"A wrath, more formidable far

"Than angry nature's wasteful war,

"The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

VI.

"From out the deep, to Thee we cry,

"To Thee, at nature's helm on high!

"Steer Thou our conduct, dread *Omnipotence*!

"To *thee* for succour we resort;

"Thy favour is our only port;

"Our only rock of safety thy defence.

VII.

"O *thou* to whom the lions roar,

"And, not unheard, thy boon implore!

"Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:

"Thou canst arrest the flying ball;

"Or send it back and bid it fall

"On those, from whose proud deck the thunder
broke.

VIII.

" *Britain*, in vain, extends her care
 " To climes * remote, for aids in war ;
 " Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe ;
 " There's one alliance, one alone,
 " Can crown her arms, or fix her throne ;
 " And that alliance is not found below.

XI.

" *Ally 'Supreme!* we turn to *Thee* ;
 " We learn obedience from the sea ;
 " With seas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil ;
 " 'Tis *thine* our blood to freeze, or warm ;
 " To rouse, or hush, the martial storm ;
 " And turn the tide of conquest, at thy will.

X.

" 'Tis *thine* to beam sublime renown,
 " Or quench the glories of a crown ;
 " 'Tis *thine* to doom, 'tis *thine* from death to free ;
 " To turn aside his levell'd dart,
 " Or pluck it from the bleeding heart :—
 " *There* we cast anchor, we confide in *Thee*.

XI.

" *THOU*, who hast taught the *north* to roar,
 " And streaming † lights nocturnal pour,
 " Of frightful aspect ! when proud foes invade,
 " Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
 " Bid *Britain's* flags, as meteors, blaze ;
 " And *GEORGE* depute to thunder in thy stead.

X 2

* Russia.

† Aurora Borealis.

XII.

- " The *right* alone is bold and strong;
 " Black, hovering clouds appall the *wrong*
 " With dread of vengeance:— Nature's awful Sire!
 " Less than one moment should'st *thou* frown,
 " Where is puissance, and renown?
 " Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

- " Let *George* the just chastise in vain:
 " *Thou* who dost curb the rebel main,
 " To mount the shore when boiling billows rave!
 " Bid *George* repel a bolder tide,
 " The boundless swell of *Gallic* pride,
 " And check *ambition's* overwhelming wave.

XIV.

- " And when (all milder means withstood)
 " *Ambition*, tam'd by loss of blood,
 " Regains her reason; then, on angels wings,
 " Let *peace* descend, and shouting greet,
 " With peals of joy, *Britannia's* fleet,
 " How richly freighted? it triumphant brings
 " The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."



A P P E N D I X

T O

VOLUME the FIRST.

C O N T A I N I N G

Several Poems omitted in the former Editions.



X 3

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Pieces are omitted in the Editions of Dr *Young's Works* said to be revised and corrected by the Author; but are here inserted, to gratify those who would wish to be possessed of a complete Collection of this Author's Works.

A N.

E P I S T L E

T O T H E

R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

G E O R G E L o r d L A N S D O W N E .

M D C C X I I .

Parnassia laurus

Parva sub ingenti Matris se subjecit umbra.

VIRG.

W H E N *Rome*, my Lord, in her full glory
shone,

And great *Augustus* rul'd the globe alone ;
While suppliant kings, in all their pomp and state,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace gate ;
Horace did oft the mighty man detain,
And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain ;
Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string,
And taught the *Roman* genius how to sing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,
Who know no want of *Caesar*, finding you :
The muse's friend is pleas'd the muse should press
Thro' circling crouds, and labour for access ;

That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boast the glorious flame.

Long has the western world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead ;
Fell discord thro' her borders fiercely rang'd,
And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd ;
By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd ;
Nor heav'n repair'd, so fast as men destroy'd.

In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd :
Alarms from loaden boards all pleasure chac'd.
And robb'd the rich *Burgundian* grape of taste ;
The smiles of nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flow'ry spring ;
Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year ;
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.

But now (so soon is *Britain's* blessing seen,
When such as you are near her glorious queen !).
Now peace, tho' long repuls'd, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our labours past ;
Bids ev'ry nation cease her wonted moan,
And ev'ry monarch call his crown his own :
To valour gentler virtues now succeed ;
No longer is the great man born to bleed ;
Renown'd in councils brave *Argyle* shall tell,
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell :
Thro' milder tracts he soars to deathless fame,
And without trembling we resound his name.

No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name.
Each stream unstain'd with blood more smoothly flows;
The brighter sun a fuller day bestows;
All nature seems to wear a chearful face,
And thank great *Anna* for returning peace.

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain,
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life; in ev'ry field
He finds *Elysium*, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.

Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace
As more than bids the rage of battle cease.
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.
See graceful *Bolingbroke* your friend advance,
Nor miss his *Lansdowne* in the court of *France*;
So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
(Bless'd change of fate!) in *Bourbon's* stately dome;
The monarch pleas'd descending from his throne,
Will not that *Anna* call him all her own;
He claims a part, and looking round to find
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
A diamond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one,
Who makes him less regret his darling son;

So dear is *Anna's* minister, so great

Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does nature interpose the raging main:

The *Gallic* shore to distant *Britain* grows,

For *Lewis* *Thames*, the *Seine* for *Anna* flows:

From conflicts pass'd each other's worth we find,

And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd;

Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cause of love,

And former injuries endearments prove.

What *Briton* but must prize th' illustrious sword,

That cause of fear to *Churchill* could afford?

Who sworn to *Bourbon's* sceptre, but must frame

Vast thoughts of him that could brave *Tallard* tame?

Thus gen'rous hatred in affection ends,

And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.

A thousand happy consequences flow,

(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow.)

Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll

Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole.

The *British* merchant, who with care and pain

For many moons sees only skies and main;

When now in view of his lov'd native shore,

The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,

Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,

Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind;

By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,

And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.

Sweet *Philomela* providently flies

To distant woods and streams, for such supplies,

To feed her young, and make them try the wing,

And with their tender notes attempt to sing:

Mean while, the fowler spreads his secret snare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.

Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plow'd with equal fate.

Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,
And pow'r a curse, if not a friend to right:
To conquer is to make dissension cease,
That man may serve the KING of kings in peace.
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
And shine abroad in perfect excellence;
Else may we dread some greater curse at hand,
To scourge a thoughtless and ingrateful land:
Now war is weary, and retir'd to rest;
The meagre famine, and the spotted pest,
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
And sweep the reliëfs of the sword away.

When peaceful *Numa* fill'd the *Roman* throne,
Jove in the fullness of his glory shone:
Wife *Solomon*, a stranger to the sword,
Was born to raise a temple to the LORD.
Anne too shall build, and ev'ry sacred pile
Speak peace eternal to *Britannia's* isle.
Those mighty souls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force to bless
Th' Almighty author of their late success.
And what is all the world subdu'd to this?
The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss.
But there are conquests to great *Anna* known,
Above the splendor of an earthly throne;
Conquests! whose triumph is too great, within
The scanty bounds of matter to begin;

Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,
And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.

Heroic shades! whom war has swept away,
Look down, and smile on this auspicious day:
Now boast your deaths; to those your glory tell,
Who or at *Agincourt*, or *Cressy*, fell;
Then deep into eternity retire,
Of greater things than peace or war enquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
What farther passes in the world below.

The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the grave:
On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each street,
(Owners of bones dispers'd on *Flandria's* plain,
Or wasting in the bottom of the main)
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
Lest it an insult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourselves that wealth, their
blood

Perhaps preserv'd, who starve, or beg for food.
Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On Heav'n without a sin we now may call,
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall;
Be Christians while we pray, nor in one breath
Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.

But, O! I view with transport, arts restor'd,
Which double use to *Britain* shall afford;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace sweet motives yield:

While we contemplate, on the painted wall,
The pressing *Briton*, and the flying *Gaul*,
In such bright images, such living grace,
As leave great *Raphael* but the second place:
Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
And martial ardors sparkle in our eyes;
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
And yet consent those battles prove our last;
Left, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
We lose the means to keep that fame alive.

In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
Or near the margin of a secret spring:
Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling string,
Or breathing canvass, when the muses sing?
The muse, my lord, your care above the rest,
With rising joy dilates my partial breast.
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere *Greece* her godlike poets taught to soar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great *Hannibal*, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;
For *Janus* shut, her *Io* *Poceans* rung,
Before an *Ovid*, or a *Virgil* sung.

A thousand various forms the muse may wear,
(A thousand various forms become the fair)
But shines in none with more majestic mein,
Than when in state she draws the purple scene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crouded stage;
Charms back past ages, gives to *Britain's* use
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce;

Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind;
They keep the soul alone, and that's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks:
The hero's presence deep impression makes;
The scene his soul and body re-unite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight;
Make our contemporary him that stood
High in renown, perhaps, before the flood;
Make *Neslor* to this age advice afford,
And *Hettor* for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler service to his country spring,
Than from those labours, which, in man's despight,
Possess him with a passion for the right?
With honest magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Thro' all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguish fall in love!

Who hears the godlike *Montezuma* groan,
And does not wish the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your understanding, and their skill
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will:
Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the gen'rous bowl
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
And steal a truth, which ev'ry sober hour
(The prose of life) had kept within her power?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures fail'd
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd;

But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confession charge the lie.

Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws,
Could render advocates in virtue's cause,
Caught by the scene, have unawares resign'd
Their wonted disposition of the mind:
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
As circling glasses on our senses steal;
Till throughly by the muses banquet warm'd,
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots, flush'd with glorious rage,
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poniard on some tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how subside
To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?
To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept last night to see *Monimia* mourn?
In this gay school of virtue whom so fit
To govern and controul the world of wit,
As *Talbot*, *Lansdowne's* friend, has *Britain* known?
Him polish'd *Italy* has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the muses to their fountain-head:
But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
What's nearer antient than the modern *Rome*.
Nor fear I mention of the court of *France*,
When I the *British* genius would advance:
There too has *Shrewsbury* improv'd his taste;
Yet still we dare invite him to our feast.

For *Corneille's* sake, I shall my thoughts suppress
Of *Oroonoko*, and presume him less:

What tho' we wrong him? *Isabella's* woe
Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.

Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
The drama glories in the *British* muse.
The *French* are delicate, and nicely lead
Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread;
Our genius more affects the grand than fine,
Our strength can make the great plain action shine:
They raise a great cur'osity indeed,
From his dark maze to see the hero freed;
We reuse th' affections, and that hero show
Gasping beneath some formidable blow:
They sigh; we weep: the *Gallie* doubt and care
We heighten into terror and despair;
Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much.
What's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of *Caesar* is a tale too plain
The fickle *Gallie* taste to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden arras with gay flowers of love:
We know heav'n made him a far greater man,
Than any *Caesar* in a human plan,
And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what heav'n design'd.
To claim attention and the heart invade,
Shakespeare but wrote the play th' Almighty made;
Our neighbour's stage art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis great *Corneille* at every scene we praise;

On nature's surer aid *Britannia* calls,
None think of *Shakespear* till the curtain falls;
Then with a sigh returns our audience home,
From *Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.*

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs;
That oft they think more justly, we must own,
Not antient *Greece* a truer sense has shown:
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too;
We sometimes err by striving more to do.
So well are *Racine's* meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment, you make a fault;
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame;
When we boast more, we own ourselves to blame.

And yet in *Shakespear* something still I find,
That makes me less esteem all human-kind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in one page with master-strokes abound;
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bid us no longer at our nurses smile;
Of lost historians we almost complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives, when his *Othello's* in a trance?
With his great *Talbot* * too he conquer'd *France.*

Long may we hope brave *Talbot's* blood will run
In great descendents, *Shakespear* has but one;
And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind silence spare his rival's shame:—
Yet I in vain that author would suppress,
What can't be greater, cannot be made less:

Y 3

* An ancestor of the duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered *France*, drawn by *Shakespear*.

Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
And to himself great *Agamemnon* name.

Should *Shakeſpear* riſe, unbleſs'd with *Talbot*'s
ſmile,

E'en *Shakeſpear*'s ſelf would curſe this barren iſle;
But if that reigning ſtar propitious ſhine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
E'en I, by far the meaneſt of your age,
Shall not repent my paſſion for the ſtage.

Thus did the will-almighty diſallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with eaſe at *Jove*'s command,
And ſpar'd the labour of the weakeſt hand.

Auſpicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you, the muſe's glory and delight
Who know to read, nor falſe encomiums raiſe:
And mortify an author with your praiſe.
Praiſe wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due;
But cenſure's ſelf will pleaſe, my Lord, from you.
Faults are our pride and gain, when you deſcend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
What tho' the great man ſet his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the poet's pride;
Whoſe inſpiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is beſt rewarded, when beſt underſtood.
The muſes write for glory, not for gold,
'Tis far beneath their nature to be ſold:
The greateſt gain is ſcorn'd, but as it ſerves
To ſpeak a ſenſe of what the muſe deſerves;
The muſe, which from her *Lanſdowne* fears no wrong,
Beſt judge, as well as ſubject, of her ſong.

Should this great theme allure me farther still,
And I presume to use your patience ill,
The world would plead my cause, and none but you
Will take disgust at what I now pursue.
Since what is mean my muse can't raise, I'll chuse
A theme that's able to exalt my muse.

For who, not void of thought, can *Granville* name,
Without a spark of his immortal flame?
Whether we seek the patriot or the friend,
Let *Bolingbroke*, let *Anna* recommend;
Whether we chuse to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,
And such familiar glories spread around,
As more incline the stander-by to raise
His value for himself, than you to praise.
Thus you befriend the most heroic way;
Bless all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by nature's hand for all that's well,
'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

Tho' sweet your presence, graceful is your mein,
You to be happy want not to be seen;
Though priz'd in public, you can smile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, tho' resolute to please,
You, were all blind, would still deserve applause,
The world's your glory's witness, not its cause;
That lyes beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their GOD obey.

You take delight in others excellence,
A gift which nature rarely does dispense:

Of all that breathe 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone.
You wish not those, who shew your name respect,
So little worth, as might excuse neglect;
Nor are in pain lest merit you should know;
Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe;
A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good: that told, so well
Your pow'rs are known, th' event I need not tell.
When *Nestor* spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd;
That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd:
And such great fame had *Hector's* valor wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd, only said he fought.

When you, my Lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,
(No crowds around, for pleasure, or for state),
You are not cast upon a stranger land,
And wander pensive o'er the barren strand;
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to shun the discipline of thought:
But unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chuse companions from all human race;
Converse with those the deluge swept away,
Or those whose midnight is *Britannia's* day.

Books not so much inform, as give consent
To those ideas your own thoughts present;
Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cause to like yourself the more:
In *Grecian* sages you are only taught
With more respect to value your own thought.
Great *Tully* grew immortal, while he drew
Those precepts we behold alive in you:

Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
It makes that history they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleasing transport must arise
Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find some part of your own conduct told?

So pleas'd, and so surpris'd *Aeneas* stood,
And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from *Trojan* shores the hero spy'd
His story shining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand
The praise and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being who's confin'd,
In converse, and reflection on mankind:
Your soul, which understands her charter well,
Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;
Ranges eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss;
In heav'nly numbers you your soul unbend,
And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
Ye kings! would ye true greatness understand,
Read *Seneca* grown rich in *Granville's* hand *.

Behold the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great;
New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
And yet your greatest is, that you must die.

Thus *Anna* saw, and rais'd you to the seat
Of honour, and confess'd her servant great;

* See his lordship's tragedy, entitled, *Heroic love*.

Confess'd, not made him such ; for faithful fame
Her trumpet swell'd long since with *Granville's*
name.

Tho' you in modesty the title wear,
Your name shall be the title of your heir ;
Farther than ermin make his glory known,
And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high distinction springs ;
The soul's endowments from the KING of kings.
Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers !
Produce ten *Granvilles* in five thousand years.

Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and controul the great ;
But O ! to bid thy *Granville* brighter shine !
To him that great prerogative resign,
Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.

Yet still one bliss, one glory I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear ;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice :
Vice he has none, or such as none with less,
But friends indeed, good-nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a tie far nearer than by blood ;
Similitude of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.

Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's ;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun to bend his course *.

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air ;
Salutes each passing breeze with head reclin'd ;
The pliant branches dance in ev'ry wind :
But fix'd the stem her upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the north disdains.

How are you bless'd in such a matchless friend !
Alas ! with me the joys of friendship end.
O *Harrison* ! I must, I will complain ;
Tears soothe the soul's distress, tho' shed in vain ;
Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more !—
Thy task was early done, and I must own
Death kind to thee, but ah ! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn ;
Strafford and *Bolingbroke* the loss perceive ;
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.

With aking heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When first inform'd of his approaching fate ;
But reach'd the partner of my soul too late :
'Twas past, his cheek was cold, that tuneful tongue,
Which *Issa* charm'd with its melodious song,
Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again :

* His Lordship's nephew, who took orders.

Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
 Shot like an arrow thro' my bleeding heart.
 To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
 But more to load that most unhappy hour?

Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind;
 That not in health, or life itself confin'd,
 Felt thro' his mortal pangs *Britannia's* peace,
 Mounted to joy, and smil'd in death's embrace.

His spirit now just ready to resign,
 No longer now his own, no longer mine;
 He grasps my hand, his swimming eye-balls roll,
 My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul;
 Then with a groan—Support me, Oh! beware
 Of holding worth, however great, too dear *!

Pardon, my Lord, the privilege of grief,
 That in untimely freedom seeks relief:
 To better fate your love I recommend;
 O! may you never lose so dear a friend!
 May nothing interrupt your happy hours;
 Enjoy the blessings peace on *Europe* show'rs;
 Nor yet disdain these blessings to adorn;
 To make the muse immortal you was born.
 Sing: and in latest time, when story's dark,
 This period your surviving fame shall mark;
 Save from the gulph of years this glorious age,
 And thus illustrate their historian's page:

The crown of *Spain* in doubtful balance hung,
 And *Anna Britain* sway'd, when *Granville* sung;
 That noted year *Europa* sheath'd her sword,
 When this great Man was first saluted Lord.

* The author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman, Mr *William Harrison*, fellow of *New-college, Oxon.*

V E R S E S

O C C A S I O N E D B Y

That famous Piece of the CRUCI-
FIXION, done by MICHAEL
ANGELO †.

W H I L E his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring
lyes :

The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mein;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies :
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up ev'ry pang repeats his blow ;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft ! O nobly wicked draught !
With its full charge of death each feature fraught !
Such wond'rous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

† Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemn-
ed to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleased for this
purpose. The man being extended, this wonderful artist
directed that he should be stabbed in such parts of the
body as he apprehended would occasion the most ex-
cruciating torture, that he might represent the agonies of
death in the most natural manner.

O N
The Death of Queen ANNE,
A N D
The Accession of King GEORGE.

INSCRIBED TO
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;
Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices,
in the Year 1714.

———*Gaudia curis.*

HOR.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, fought
To ease the fulness of my grateful thought:
My fame at once, and duty to pursue,
And please the public, by respect to You.

Tho' you, long since beyond *Britannia* known,
Have spread your country's glory with your own;
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great *Anna's* fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Tho' you are rich in fame, and fame decays,
Tho' rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir, the great esteem and honour due,
I chose, that moment, to profess to you,

When sadness reign'd, when fortune, so severe,
Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere,
And when no motive could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise,
But such as rise above, and far transcend:
Whatever glories with this world shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
The sun's bright orb, and *Cato* be forgot.

I sing—But ah! my theme I need not tell!
See ev'ry eye with conscious sorrow swell:
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice
Can only shew his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That most illustrious scene, for ever new!)
See all the seasons shine on *Anna's* throne,
And pay a constant tribute, not their own.
Her summers heats not fruits alone bestow,
They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe:
And when black storms confess the distant sun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won.
Revolving pleasures in their turns appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle?
Did partial fortune on our virtue smile?
Or did the sceptre, in great *Anna's* hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful *Britain*! quit thy groundless claim;
Thy Queen and thy good fortune are the same.

268 On the DEATH of Queen ANNE,

Hear, with alarms, our trumpets fill the sky;
'Tis *Anna* reigns! the *Gallic* squadrons fly.
We spread our canvas to the southern shore;
'Tis *Anna* reigns! the south resigns her store.
Her virtue smoothes the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain;
Argyle and *Churchill* but the glory share,
While millions ly subdu'd by *Anna's* pray'r.

How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride.
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams.
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join'd their wings, a shelter o'er her head.

Tho' *Europe's* wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart:
She saw, and griev'd to see the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She shed her bounty, piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.

What strikes my sight! does proud *Augusta* rise
New to behold, and awfully surprise?
Her lofty brow more num'rous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down:

A noble pride of piety is shown,
 And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
 How would this work another's glory raise!
 But *Anna's* greatness robs her of the praise.
 Drown'd in a greater blaze it disappears.
 Who dry'd the widow's and the orphan's tears?
 Who stoop'd from high to succour the distress'd,
 And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
 Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
 Whoever sought, it was a Queen that gave.
 Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown
 But made another debtor to the crown;
 And each unfriendly stroke from fate we bore,
 Became our title to the regal store.

Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
 And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.

Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thrive,
 When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,
 Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
 How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
 That grief, which living *Anna's* love suppress'd,
 Shook like a tempest every greatful breast.
 A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd!
 A second time our tender parents dy'd!

Heroes returning from the field we crown,
 And deify the haughty victor's frown:
 His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
 Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire.
 Wisely to spend is the great art of gain;
 And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.
 When time shall ask, where once *Ramilia* lay,
 Or *Danube* flow'd that swept whole troops away,

270 *On the DEATH of Queen ANNE,*

One drop of water that refresh'd the dry,
Shall raise a fountain of eternal joy.

But ah ! to that unknown and distant date,
Is virtue's great reward push'd off by fate ;
Here random shafts in every breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.

August in native worth, and regal state,
Anna sat arbitress of *Europe's* fate ;
To distant realms did ev'ry accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty Queen ?
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where *Britain's* greatness is compos'd in peace :
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus end maturest honours of a crown !
This is the last conclusion of renown !

So when, with idle skill, the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube, he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And, by degrees, expands the glitt'ring ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.

'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom ;
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb ;
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe !
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow !
Yes, this advantage from our deep distress,
We learn how much in *George* the gods can bless.

Had a less glorious prince left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown ;
An *Anna* falling, all the King employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys :
Our joys arise, and innocently shine,
Auspicious monarch ! what a praise is thine !

Welcome, great stranger, to *Britannia's* throne !
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain !
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With pray'r we smooth'd the billows for thy fleet ;
With ardent wishes fill'd thy swelling sheet ;
And when thy foot took place on *Albion's* shore,
We bending blest'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer, and compose,
Join those whom int'rest joins, and chace our foes ?
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame ?
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit, without a blush, the *British* crown.
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great Sir, now first, at this late hour,
In *Britain's* favour, you exert your power ;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The num'rous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chuse to thunder on the *Rhine*,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine ;
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on *Britannia* laid :
They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly share the praise.

272 *On the DEATH of Queen ANNE, &c.*

All share ; but may not we have leave to boast,
 That we contemplate, and enjoy it most ?
 This antient nurse of arts, indulg'd by fate,
 On gentle *Iss*' bank a calm retreat,
 For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
 Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd ;
 And often pour'd (too well the truth is known !)
 Her blood and treasure to support the throne ;
 For *England*'s church her latest accent strain'd,
 And freedom with her dying hand retain'd ;
 No wonder then her various ranks agree,
 In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.
 What though thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
 And seas divide thee from the *British* coast ?
 The crown's impatient to inclose thy head ;
 Why stay thy feet ? The cloth-of-gold is spread.
 Our strict obedience through the world shall tell,
 That King's a *Briton*, who can govern well.

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L E T T E R

T O

Mr TICKELL.

OCCASIONED BY THE
DEATH of the Right Honourable
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq; 1719.

—*Tu runc eris alter ab illo.*

VIRG.

O Long with me in *Oxford* groves confin'd,
In social arts, and sacred friendship join'd;
Fair *Isis*' sorrow, and fair *Isis*' boast,
Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;
Thy wonted aid, my dear companion, bring,
And teach me thy departed friend to sing.
A darling theme! once pow'rful to inspire,
And now to melt the muses' mournful choir:
Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.

Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And ravish'd *Isis* listen'd to his strain;
See, see, she cry'd, old *Mars*'s muse appears,
Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years:

274 A LETTER to Mr TICKELL,

Her finish'd charms to *Addison* she brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings.
All read transported his pure classic page,
Read, and forget their climate and their age.

The state, when now his rising fame was known,
Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own;
Nor wou'd, that one for scenes of action strong,
Shou'd let a life evaporate in song.
As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense.
Yet few, how few with lofty thought inspir'd,
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conscious pride, their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they esteem a gay, but worthless pow'r,
The slight amusement of a leisure hour;
Unmindful, that conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majestic wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor *Dido* fondled thus with idle joy
Dread *Cupid* lurking in the *Trojan* boy;
Lightly she toy'd, and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.

Who greatest excellence of thought cou'd boast,
In action too have been distinguish'd most.
This *Somers* knew, and *Addison* sent forth
From the malignant regions of the north,
To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise;
Thro' warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.
With secret pain the prudent patriot gave
The hopes of *Britain* to the rolling wave,

Anxious the charge to all the stars resign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

Aufonia soon receiv'd her wond'ring guest,
And equal wonder in her turn confess'd,
To see her fervors rival'd by the poie,
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul :
In like surprise was her *Aeneas* lost,
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of *Europe* he surveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought :
Great work ! by *Nassau's* favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to *Britain* a support,
Wife in her senate, graceful in her court :
And when the public welfare would permit,
The source of learning, and the soul of wit.
O *Warwick* ! (whom the muse is fond to name,
And kindles, conscious of her future theme),
O *Warwick* ! by divine contagion bright,
How early didst thou catch his radiant light !
By him inspir'd how shine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime !

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,
Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays;
And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree ;
We now surpris'd her fruitful branches see ;
Or, orange like, till his auspicious time
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime :
He first the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd indulgent in a warmer bed.

276 A LETTER to Mr TICKELL.

The nation pleas'd enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her use.

When loose from public cares the grove he sought,
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labours of his easy page,
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,
Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early, and how well,
The *Thames* shall boast, and *Roman Tyber* tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
Since such his talents, that he sung no more.
No fuller proof of pow'r.th' Almighty gave,
Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end;
To rouse the war for injur'd *Europe's* laws;
To steel the patriot in great *Brunswic's* cause;
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint th' eternal bow'rs of bliss above.
Where hadst thou room, great author! where to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal soul?
Thro' paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were
brought

Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel;

"How could a mortal essence think so well?"

But why so large in the great writer's praise?
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise:
In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend
The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend!

His glory such, it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race.

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
Partner in grief and brother of my tears,
Tickell, accept this verse, thy mournful due:
Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue;
And as thy strain describes the matchless man,
Thy life shall second what thy muse began.
Tho' sweet the numbers, tho' a fire divine
Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry line;
Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.

But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare
The noble work well trusted to thy care;
The gift bequeath'd by *Addison's* command,
To *Craggs* made sacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The scatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a while
In gen'rous anguish o'er the glorious pile;
With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What tho' thy tears pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy ot'er cares for *Britain's* weal suspend;
Think not, O patriot, while thy eyes o'erflow,
Those cares suspended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country shown,
He mourns for her who mourns for *Addison*.

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THE
FOREIGN ADDRESS;

OCCASIONED BY THE
BRITISH FLEET,
AND THE
POSTURE OF AFFAIRS,
M. DCC. XXXIV.

Written in the character of a *Sailor*.

Musa dedit FIDIBUS divos puerosque Deorum.

HOR.

T H E
FOREIGN ADDRESS.

O N T H E
POSTURE of AFFAIRS,

M.DCC.XXXIV.

YE guardian gods! who wait on kings,
And gently touch the secret springs
Of rising thought solicit, I beseech,
For a poor *stranger*, come from far;
Procure a suppliant traveller
Ease of access, and the *soft hour* of speech.

II.

'Tis gain'd: hail, *monarchs* great and wise!
From distant climes, and dusky skies,
O'er seas and lands I flew, your ear to claim:
Yours is the sun, and purple vine;
Deep in the frozen *north* I pine;
Nor vine, nor sun could warm me like my theme.

III.

A theme how great! on yonder tide
A leafless forest spreading wide
The *labour* of the deep, my muse surveys:
A *Fleet*, whose empire o'er the wave
You grant, *Time* strengthens, *Nature* gave;
Now big with death, the terror of the seas!

IV.

Ye great by sea! ye shades ador'd!
 Who fir'd the bomb, and bath'd the sword,
 Arise! arise! arise! 'tis *Britain* charms:
 Arise, ye boast of former wars!
 And pointing to your glorious scars,
 Rouse me to *verse*, your martial sons to *arms*.

V.

'Tis done: and see, sweet *Clio* brings
 From heav'n her deep-resounding strings:
Clio! the * god, which gave thy charming *shell*,
 Demands its most exalted strain,
 To sing the sov'reign of the main:
 Of *Ocean's* queen what *wonders* wilt thou tell?

IV.

Such wonders as may pass for sport,
 Or vision in a *scutthern* court:
 But, *mighty thrones!* those truths which make me glow,
 Your fathers saw, your sons shall see:
 Then quit your infidelity;
 Some truths 'tis better to *believe* than *know*.

VII.

Believe me, *kings!* at *Britain's* nod,
 From each enchanted grove and wood,
 Huge *oaks* stalk down th' unshaded mountain's side;
 The lofty *pin*es assume new forms,
 Fly round the globe, and live in storms;
 And tread and triumph on the wond'ring tide.

* *Neptun*.

VIII.

She nods again: the lab'ring *earth*
Discloses a stupendous birth:
In smoking rivers runs her molten *ore*:
Thence, monsters of enormous size,
And hideous nature, frowning rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

IX.

These ministers of wrath fulfil,
On empires wide, an *island's* will:
Ye nations! know; know, all ye scepter'd pow'rs!
In sulph'rous night, and massy balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When stern *Britannia's* awful senate lours.

X.

Bold is the stile, when hearts are bold:
Would *Britain* have her anger told?
O! never let a meaner language sound,
Than that which thro' black *aether* rouls,
Than that which prostrates human souls,
And rocks pale realms, when angry *Jove* has frown'd.

XI.

In peace *she* sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her *cannon* slumber at the world's desire:
But, give just cause, at once they blaze,
At once they thunder from the seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

XII.

Then, *Furies* rise! the battle raves!
 And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
 In spite of nature, spite of *Jove*,
 While all serene, and hush'd above,
 The boist'rous winds in azure chambers sleep.

XIII.

This, this, my *monarchs*! is the scene
 For hearts of proot, for gods or men;
 Here war's whole sting is shot, whole heart is spent!
 You sport in arms; how pale, how tame,
 How lambent is *Bellona's* flame,
 How her storms languish on the continent!

XIV.

A swarm of deaths, the mighty bomb,
Now, scatters from her glowing womb;
Now the chain'd bolts in dread alliance join'd,
 Red-wing'd with an expanding blast,
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and mast,
 And leave a sing'd and naked hull behind.

XV.

Now—but I'm struck with pale despair;
 My *patrons*! what a burst was there!
 The strong-ribb'd barques at once displying fly!
 Infatiate death! compendious fate!
 Deep wound to some brave bleeding state!
 One moment's *guilt* a thousand heroes die.

XVI.

The great, gay, graceful, young and brave,
(Short obsequies!) the sable wave
Involves in endless night: ye graveless dead!
Where are your conquests? now you rove
Pale pensive, thro' the coral grove,
Or shrink from *Britain* in your oozy bed.

XVII.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
Of fragrant blooms their gardens spoil,
Low ly the brows for which the wreath's design'd,
In *sea weed* wrapt: alas! how vain
The hope, the joy, the grief, the pain,
The love, and god-like valour of mankind?

XVIII.

Of brass his heart who durst *explore*,
Shut up in triple brass and more,
Who when explor'd the secret durst *explain*?
How, in one instant, at one blow,
The maiden's sigh, the mother's throe,
Of half a widow'd land to render vain.

XIX.

See! yon cowl'd *friar* in his cell,
With sulphur, flame, and crucible;
And can the charms of gold that saint inspire!
O cursed cause! O curs'd event!
O wond'rous pow'r of *accident*!
He rivals *gods*, and sets the globe on fire.

XX.

But the rank growth of modern ill,
 Too well deserv'd *that fatal skill*,
 The skill by which *destruction* swiftly runs ;
 And seas, and lands, and worlds lay waste,
 With far more terror, far more haste,
 Than ancient *Nimrod*, and his haughty sons.

XXI.

In frown and force *old war* must yield ;
 The *chariot scyth'd*, which *mow'd* the field,
 The *ram*, the *castled elephant* were tame,
 Tame to rang'd *ordnance*, which denies
 Superior terror to the skies,
 And claims the cloud, the thunder, and the flame.

XXII.

The *flame*, the *thunder*, and the *cloud*,
 The *night by day*, the *sea of blood*,
Hosls whirl'd in air, the *yell*, the *sinking throng*,
 The *graveless dead*, an *ocean warm'd*,
 A *firmament by mortals storm'd*,
 To wrong'd *Britannia's* angry brow belong.

XXIII.

Or do I dream, or do I rave ?
 Or do I see the gloomy cave,
 Where *Jove's* red bolts the giant brothers frame ?
 The *swarthy gods of toil and heat*
 Loud peals on mountain-anvils beat,
 And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XXIV.

Ye sons of *Aetna* ! hear my call ;
Let your unfinish'd labours fall,
That shield of *Mars*, *Minerva*'s helmet blue :
Suspend your toils, ye brawny throng !
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XXV.

Begin ; and first take winged *flight*,
Fierce *flames*, and clouds of thickest *night*,
And trembling *terror*, paler than the dead ;
Then borrow from the *north* his *roar*,
Mix *groans* and *death* ; one vial pour
Of dread *Britannia*'s *wrath*, and it is made.

XXVI.

Yet, *peace* celestial ! may thy charms,
Still fire our breasts, tho' clad in arms :
If scenes of blood avenging fates decree,
For thee the sword brave *Britons* wield ;
For thee, charge o'er th' embattled field ;
Or plunge thro' seas, thro' crimson seas for thee.

XXVII.

Even now for peace the gods are press'd ;
We woo the nations to be bless'd ;
For peace, *victorious kings* ! we call to you :
For peace, on pinions of the *dove*,
Soft emblem of eternal love !
Thro' trackless air, and desert skies I flew.

XXVIII.

My * former lays of rough contents,
Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
Were but as peals of ordnance to confess
Your height of dignity, to clear
Your deaf, your late-obstructed ear,
And wake attention to more *mild* *addresses*.

XXIX.

Have I not heard *you both* declare,
Your hearts detest the purple war,
And melt in anguish for the world's repose!
Hail then! all hail! your wish is crown'd,
Your godlike zeal thro' time renown'd,
Thro' *Europe* bleis'd; with joy her heart o'erflows.

XXX.

Your friend, your brother of the *North*,
To meet your arms, comes smiling forth,
And leads soft-handed *peace*: how pow'rful he!
His num'rous race, the blossoms bright
Of golden empire, radiant light!
Endless beam on into eternity.

XXXI.

What *long* allies?—the virgin train
Your most obdurate foes may gain:
See, how their charms in *lineal* lustre shine!
Thro' ev'ry *genuine* branch, the fire
Has darted rays of temper'd fire;
The mother breath'd soft air, and bloom divine.

* The foregoing stanzas.

XXXII.

How fair the field ! ye * *Aonian* bees !
The flow'rs ambrosial fondly seize,
Luxurious draw the sweet *Hyblean* strain ;
That gods may lean from heav'n to hear,
And my *thron'd patron's* ravish'd ear
The soul's rich *nectar* drink, and thirst again.

XXXIII.

Even mine, they *taste* ; and with success :
Ambition's fumes my strains repress ;
The *fever* flies ; no noxious thoughts ferment ;
No *frenzy*, taking friends for foes ;
The pulse subsides ; they seek repose ;
Nor I my winged embassy repent.

XXXIV.

No: by the blood of *Blenheim's* plain,
I swear, the rumour'd war is vain ;
Shall *Gallic* faith and friendship ever cease ?
I swear by *Europe's* lovely dread,
I swear by great *Eliza's* shade,
The *wise Iberian* is the friend of peace.

XXXV.

Yet, lest I fail, (for prophets old
Not all *infallibly* foretold),
We set our naval terrors in array.
Know, *Britons!* an *AUGUSTUS* reigns ;
If foes compel, send forth your chains,
While haughty thrones, uncensur'd, might obey.

* Ye poets.

XXXVI.

O could I sing as you have fought!
 I'd raise a monument of thought,
 Bright as the sun!—how you burn at my heart!
 How the *drums* all around,
 Soul-rousing resound!
 Swift drawn from the thigh,
 How the *swords* flame on high!
 How the *cannon*, deep knell!
 Fates of kingdoms foretel!
 How to battle, to battle, our fathers brave part,
 How to battle, to conquest, to triumph we dart!

XXXVII.

But who gives conquest? He, whose ray
 To darkness turns the blaze of day;
 Whose boundless *favour* far outflows the main;
 Whose *pow'r* the raging waves can still,
 And curb *more* rebel human will,—
 With peace, O! bless us, or in war sustain.

XXXVIII.

Dost thou sustain?—Ye twinkling fry!
 That swim the seas, glide gently by;
 Tho' your scales glitter, tho' your numbers swarm,
 Ah! gently glide, for life's dear sake;
 Nor dare *Leviathan* awake,
 Who spouts a river, and who breathes a storm.

XXXIX.

And now, who censures *this address*?
 Thus, crowns, states, common men make peace:
 They swell, sooth, double, dive, swear, pray, defy:
 And when rank *int'rest* has prevail'd,
 And *artifice* the treaty seal'd,
 Stark *love* and *conscience* own the bastard tye.

XL.

Ambassadors, ye mouths of Kings!
Ye missive monarchs! empire's wings!
What tho' the muse *your* province proudly chose;
'Tis a reprisal fairly made,
Her province you long since invade,
Ye perfect *poets!* in the vale of *prose*.

XL I.

More safe, O muse! that humble vale,
Than the proud surge and stormy gale:
Thy dang'rous seas with wrecks are cover'd o'er:
Dulness and *frenzy* curse thy streams,
Rocks, infamous for murder'd names!
O! strike thy swelling sails, and make to shore.

XLII.

While warmer climes, in cooler strains,
Or tented fields, or dusty plains,
The bleeding horse, and horseman hurl to ground;
'Tis mine to sing, and sing the *first*,
That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
Of war, which bellows thro' the seas profound.

XLIII.

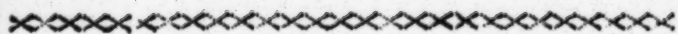
Nor mean the song, or great my blame;
When *such* the patrons, *such* the theme,
Who might not glow, soar, paint, with rage divine?
Truth, simple truth, I proudly dress'd
In *fancy's* robe; her flow'ry vest
Dipp'd in the curious colours of the *nine*.

XLIV.

But, ah ! 'tis past ; I sink ; I faint ;
Nor more can glow, or soar, or paint ;
The reflux raptures from my bosom rowl ;
To heav'n returns the *sacred maid*,
And all her golden visions fade,
Ne'er to revisit my tumultuous soul.

XLV.

My vocal *shell* ! which *Thetis* form'd
Beneath the waves, which *Venus* warm'd
With all her charms, (if ancient tales be true),
And in thy pearly bosom glow'd
Ere *Pæan* silver chords bestow'd ;
My *shell* ! which *Clio* gave, which *kings* applaud,
Which *Europe's* bleeding genius call'd abroad,
Adieu, pacific lyre ! my *laurel'd thrones* ! adieu.
Hear, *Atticus* ! your *sailor's* song ; I sing, I live for
you.



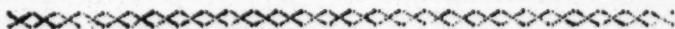
T H E
I N S T A L M E N T.

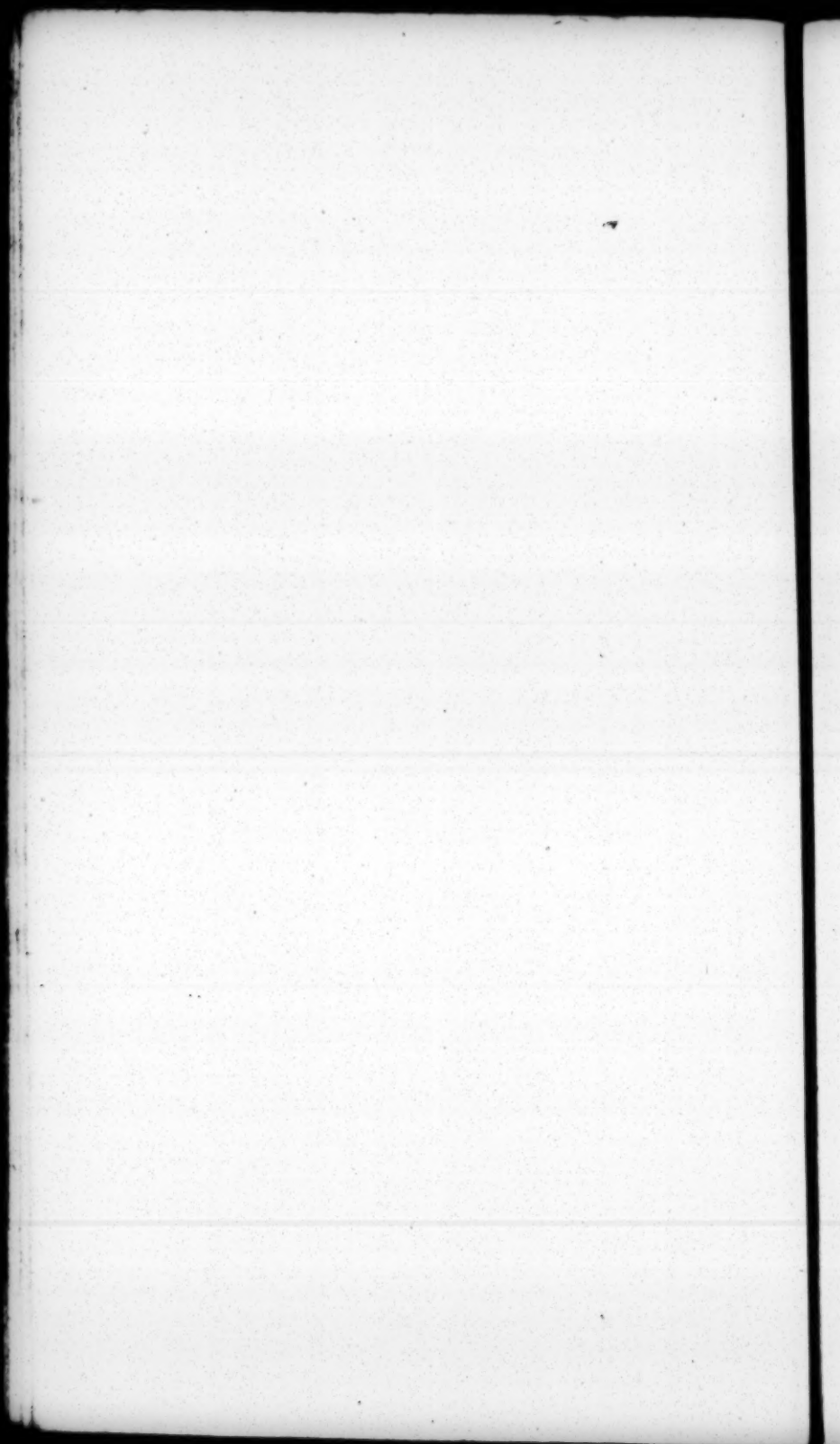
To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Quaestam meritis.

HOR.





T H E
I N S T A L M E N T, 1726.

WITH *invocations* some their breasts inflate;
I need no *musè*, a *Walpole* is my theme.
Ye mighty dead! ye garter'd sons of *praise*!
Our *morning stars*! our boast in *former days*!
Which hov'ring o'er, your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop and attend: by *one* the *knee* be bound;
One, throw the *manile's* crimson folds around;
By *that*, the *sword* on his proud thigh be plac'd,
This clasp the *di'mond girdle* round his waist;
His breast, with rays, lest just *Godolphin* spread;
Wife *Burleigh* plant the plumage on his head:
And *Edward* own, since first he fix'd the race,
None press'd fair glory with a swifter pace.

When fate would call some mighty genius forth,
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid some fav'rite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his *blood* with gen'rous ardor boil;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course!
That men *prepar'd* may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line,
Collected to a point intensely shine.

See, *Britain*! see thy *Walpole* shine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant *star*;
A *star* that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe thro' fortune's roughest tide.

If peace still smiles, by *this* shall commerce steer
 A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere;
 And gath'ring tribute from each distant shore,
 In *Britain's* lap the world's abundance pour.
 If *war's* ordain'd, this *star* shall dart its beams
 Thro' that black cloud, which rising from the *Thames*,
 With thunder form'd of *Brunswic's* wrath, is sent
 To *claim* the seas, and *awe* the continent :
This shall direct it where the bolt to throw,
 A *star* for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the muse shall *kindle*, and *aspire* :
 My breast, O *Walpole*, glows with grateful fire ;
 The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
 Refresh the dry domains of poësie.
 My fortune shews, when arts are *Walpole's* care,
 What slender worth forbids us to despair ;
 Be this thy partial smile from censure free ;
 'Twas meant for *merit*, tho' it fell on *me*.

Since *Brunswic's* smile has authoriz'd my muse,
 Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
 False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
 Which prostitute fair fame to worthless men.
 This profanation of celestial fire,
 Makes fools despise what wisdom should admire.
 Let those I praise to distant times be known,
 Not by their *author's* merit, but their *own*.
 If others think the task is hard, to weed
 From verse, rank flattery's vivacious seed,
 And rooted deep; one means *must* set them free;
Patron! and *patriot!* let them sing of thee.

While vulgar trees ignobler *honours* wear,
 Nor those retain when winter chills the year;

The gen'rous *orange*, fav'rite of the sun,
 With vig'rous charms can thro' the seasons run;
 Defies the storm with her *tenacious* green;
 And flow'rs and fruits in rival pomp are seen;
 Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring;
 And midst their sweets the *feather'd* poets sing.

On *Walpole* thus, may pleas'd *Britannia* view
 At once her ornament, and profit too;
 The fruit of service, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd and gilded by the royal beam.
 He, when the nipping blasts of *envy* rise,
 Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise;
 Let fall no *honours*, but securely great,
 Unfaded holds the colour of his fate:
 No winter knows, tho' ruffling *factions* press;
 By wisdom deeply rooted in success:
 One glory shed, a *brighter* is display'd*;
 And the charm'd muses shelter in his *shade*.

O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
 In deep eternity to launch thy name!
 Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
 But what chaste *truth* indites, old *time* shall read.

" Behold! a *man* of antient faith and blood,
 " Which soon beat high for *arts*, and *public good*:
 " Whose glory *great*, but *natural* appears,
 " The genuine growth of *services* and *years*;
 " No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
 " And fondly gilt by partial majesty:
 " One bearing greatest toils, with greatest ease;
 " One born to *serve us*, and yet born to *please*;

* Knight of the BATH, and then of the GARTER.

298 *The* I N S T A L M E N T.

“ Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
 “ The prince may *trust*, and yet the people *praise* ;
 “ His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
 “ His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere,
 “ His counsel guides, his temper cheers our isle,
 “ And smiling, gives *three* kingdoms cause to smile.”

 Joy then to *Britain*, blest'd with such a son ;
 To *Walpole* joy, by whom the *prize* is won ;
 Who nobly conscious *meets* the smiles of fate ;
True greatness lies in daring to be *great*.
 Left *dastard* souls, in *affectation*, run
 To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won ;
 Such men prefer, misled by *false* applause,
 The *pride* of *modesty* to virtue's cause.
 Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
 'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear ;
 'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
 Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new ;
 Heightens the lustre of *our* age and clime,
 And sheds rich seeds of worth for *future* time.

 Proud chiefs alone, in fields of slaughter fam'd,
 Of old, this *azure* bloom of glory claim'd.
 As when stern *Ajax* pour'd a purple flood,
 The *violet* rose, fair daughter of his blood.
 Now rival *wisdom* dares the wreath divide,
 And *both* *Minervas* rise in equal pride ;
 Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
 Who shines illustrious, not in wars alone.
 Let *fame* look lovely in *Britannia's* eyes ;
 They coldly court *desert*, who *fame* despise :
 For what's *ambition* but fair virtue's *sail* ?
 And what *applause*, but her propitious gale ?

When swell'd with *that*, she fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the *port* design'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the lab'ring *oar*,
She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying shore:
From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By *blasts* of *envy*, or by *fortune's* *tide*:
For *one* that has succeeded, *ten* are lost,
Of *equal* talents, ere they make the coast.

Then let *renown* to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw those beams *aright*.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory like our land descends.
Custom the *garter* long confin'd to few;
And gave to *birth*, exalted *virtue's* due:
Walpole has thrown the proud inclosure down;
And high desert *embraces* fair *renown*.
Tho' *rival'd*, let the *Peerage* *smiling* see,
(Smiling in justice to their *own* degree),
This proud reward of majesty bestow'd
On worth like *that*, whence first the *Peerage* flow'd.
From frowns of fate *Britannia's* blis to guard,
Let subjects *merit*, and let king's reward.
Gods are *most* *Gods* by *giving* to *excel*;
And *Kings* most like *them*, by *rewarding* well.

Though strong the twanging nerve, and drawn
aright,
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound it soars into the sky.
Thus while I sing *thee* with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praise;

300 *The* I N S T A L M E N T.

Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.

No more ; for in this dread suspense of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh *peace* and *war*, now *Europe's* eyes are bent
On mighty *Brunswic*, for the great event.
Brunswic, of kings the terror or defence !
Who dare detain *thee* at a world's expence ?

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

A N D

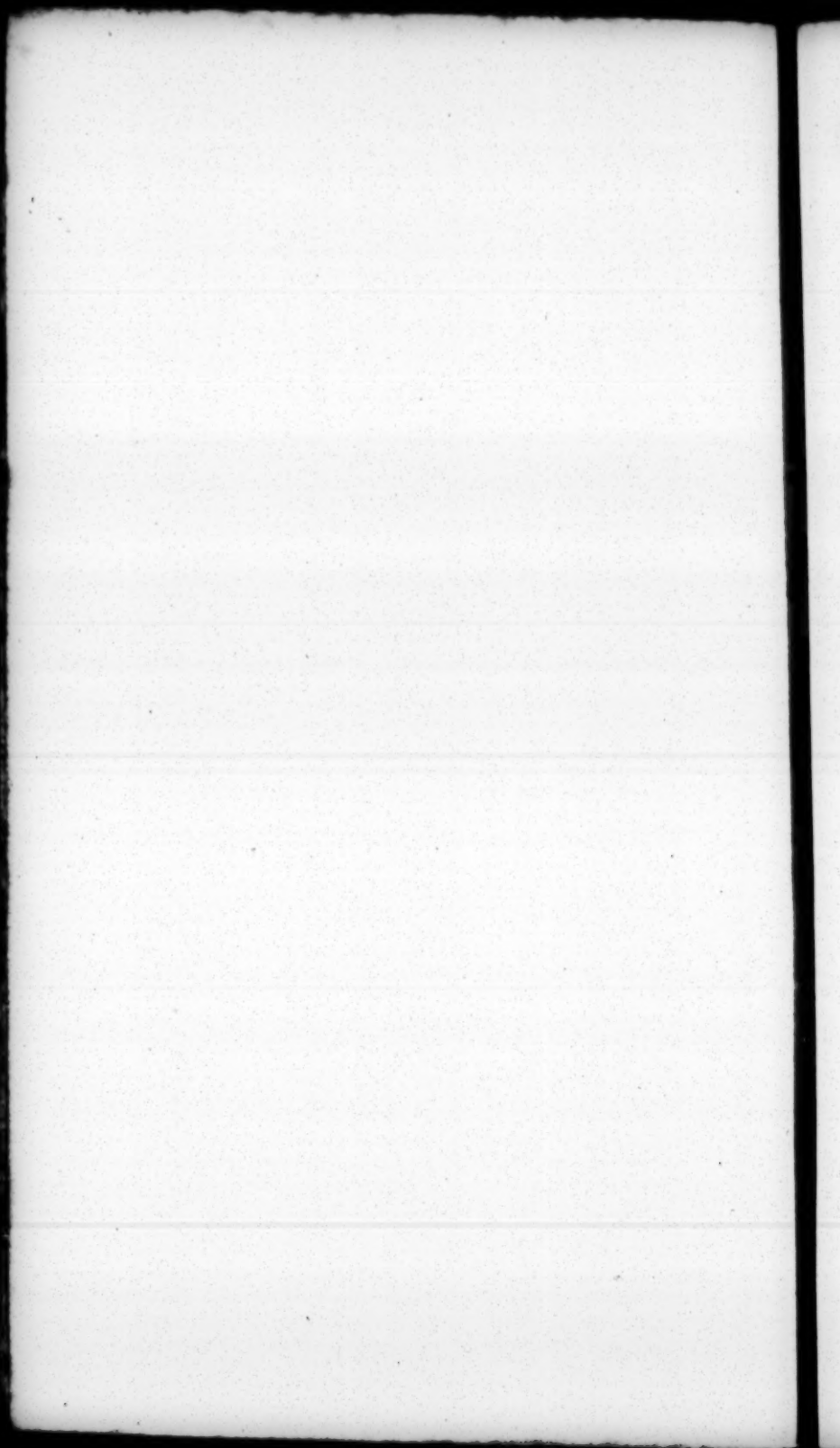
A POSTSCRIPT.

To Mrs B * * * * *

My soul shall be satisfied even as it were with marrow and fatness ; when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips.

PSAL. lxiii.

M.DCC.LXII.



RESIGNATION, &c.

P A R T I.

THE days how few, how short the years
of man's too rapid race,
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
a shorter in its place ?

They who the longest lease enjoy,
have told us, with a sigh,
That, to be born, seems little more
than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth,
with fears alarm'd ; and yet
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
this weighty truth forget.

And am not I to these a-kin ?
Age slumbers o'er the quill ;
Its honour blots whate'er it writes,
and am I writing still ?

Conscious of nature in decline,
and languor in my thoughts,
To soften censure, and abate
its rigor on my faults,

Permit me, Madam, ere to you
the promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
sad sister of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
like *Noah* they behold,
O'er whose white hairs and furrow'd brows
too many suns have roll'd.

Happy the patriarch ! he rejoic'd
his second world to see ;
My second world, tho' gay the scene,
can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
with desolation spread ;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and smil'd,
whilst life was life, are dead ;

And with them died my joys ; the grave
has broken nature's laws ;
And clos'd, against this feeble frame,
its partial cruel jaws ;

Cruel to spare ! condemn'd to life !
a cloud impairs my sight ;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
and trembles as I write.

What shall I write ? *Thalia* ! tell ;
say, long-abandon'd muse !
What field of fancy shall I range ?
what subject shall I chuse ?

A choice of moment high inspire,
and rescue me from shame,
For doating on thy charms so late,
by grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes, which most admire,
which dazzle, or amaze ;

Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes, which, in a world of woe,
can best appease our pain ;

And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
gay folly's flood restrain ;

Amidst the storms of life support
a calm, unshaken mind ;

And with untading laurels crown
the brow of the *resign'd*.

O RESIGNATION ! yet unsung,
untouch'd by former strains ;

Tho' claiming ev'ry muse's smile,
and ev'ry poet's pains ;

Beneath life's ev'ning solemn shade,
I dedicate my page

To thee, thou safest guard of youth !
thou *sole* support of age !

All other duties *crescents* are
of virtue faintly bright ;

The glorious Consummation, thou !
which fills her *orb* with light ;

How rarely fill'd ! the love divine
in *evils* to discern :

This the *first* lesson which we want,
the *latest* which we learn :

A melancholy truth! For know,
could our proud hearts *resign*,
The distance greatly would decrease
'twixt human and divine.

But tho' full noble is my theme,
full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
the bursting tear to fall;

The task I dread: Dare I to leave
of humble *prose* the shore,
And put to sea? a dang'rous sea!
what throngs have sunk before!

How proud the *poet's* billows swell?
the god! the god! his boast;
A boast how vain! what wrecks abound!
dead bards stench every coast.

What then am I? shall I presume,
on such a moulted wing,
Above the general wreck to rise,
and, in my winter, sing;

When *nightingales*, when sweetest bards
confine their charming song
To summer's animating heats,
content to warble young?

Yet, write I must; a * lady sues;
how shameful her request?
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
her's teeming with the best!

* Mrs M——

But you a stranger will excuse,
nor scorn his feeble strain;
To you a stranger, but, through fate,
no stranger to your pain.

The ghost of grief deceas'd ascends,
his old wound bleeds anew;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
by these he sees in you:

Too well he knows the twisted strings
Of ardent hearts combin'd;
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
how hard to be *resign'd*:

Those tears you pour, his eyes have shed;
the pang you feel, he felt;
Thus *nature*, loud as *virtue*, bids
his heart at yours to melt.

But what can heart, or head, suggest?
what sad *experience* say?
Through truths austere, to peace we work
our rugged, gloomy way:

What are we? whence? for what? and whither?
who know not, needs must mourn;
But *thought*, bright daughter of the skies!
can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
impenetrable shield,
When sent by fate, we meet our foes
in sore *affliction's* field;

It plucks the sprightly mask from ills,
forbids pale *fear* to hide
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
which turns *affliction's* tide.

Affection frail ! train'd up by sense,
from *reason's* channel strays ;
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous stream
from daily-dying flow'rs,
To nourish rich, immortal blooms,
in amaranthine bow'rs ;

Whence throngs, in extasy, look down
on what once shock'd their sight ;
And thank the terrors of the past,
for ages of delight.

All withers here ; who most possess
are losers by their gain.
Stung by full proof, that, bad at best,
life's idle *all* is vain :

Vain, in its course, life's *murm'ring* stream ;
did not its *course* offend,
But *murmur* cease ; life, then, would seem
still vainer, from its *end*.

How wretched ! who, through cruel fate,
have nothing to lament ?
With the poor alms this world affords,
deplorably content ?

Had not the *Greek* his world mistook,
his wish had been most wise;
To be content with but one world,
like him, we should despise.

Of earth's revenue would you state
a full account, and fair?
We hope; and hope; and hope; then cast
the *total* up——*despair*.

Since *vain* all here, all future, *vast*,
embrace the lot assign'd;
Heav'n wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
its strokes severe, most kind.

But in laps'd nature, rooted deep,
blind error domineers;
And on fools errands, in the dark,
sends out our hopes, and fears;

Bids us for ever *pains* deplore,
our *pleasures* overprize;
These oft persuade us to be weak;
those urge us to be wise.

From virtue's rugged path to right;
by *pleasure* are we brought
To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there
pain chides us for our fault:

Yet whilst it chides, it speaks of peace,
if folly is withstood;
And says, *time* pays an easy price,
for our *eternal* good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
and in delusion great,
What an oeconomist is man
to spend his *whole* estate,

And beggar an eternity ?
for which, as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
as feathers he should scorn.

Say not, your loss in triumph leads
religion's feeble strife;
Joys future amply reimburse
joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy so long,
it bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand,
befriends our present state;

What are the tears which trickle down
her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl ? like pearls of price,
they purchase lasting peace.

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate, keen desire,
From launching in extremes.

Thro' *time's* dark womb, our judgment right,
if our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see, the will divine
has but *forestall'd* our own;

PART I. RESIGNATION.

311

At variance with our *future* wish,
self-sever'd, we complain;
If so, the woundec, not the wound
must answer for the pain.

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
tho' you may think it slow,
When, in the list of fortune's smiles,
you'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of providence;
this course it has pursu'd,
"Pain is the parent, woe the womb
"of sound, important good:"

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
by strong and endless ties;
And ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,
and urges us to rise.

'Twill sound severe——yet rest assur'd
I'm studious of your peace;
Tho' I should dare to give you joy—
yes, joy of *his* decease:

An hour shall come (you question this)
an hour, when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
dark days of your distress.

Hear then without surprize a truth,
a daughter truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
a bleeding heart to bliss:

Esteem you this a paradox ?
my sacred motto read ;
A glorious truth ! divinely sung
by one, whose heart had bled.

To *resignation* swift he flew,
in her a friend he found ;
A friend, which blest'd him with a smile
when gasping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
but what is painful too ;
By travel, and *to* travel born,
our sabbaths are but few :

To *real* joy we work our way,
encountering many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms ; as found
a *Venus* in the block.

In some disaster, some severe
appointment for our sins,
That mother *blessing* (not so call'd)
true happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,
by stings of life unvest ;
First rose some quarrel with this world,
then passion for the next.

You see, then, pangs are parent-pangs,
the pangs of happy birth ;
Pangs, by which only can be born
true happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
or thro' time's records run ;
And say, What is a man *unstruck* ?
it is a man *undone*.

This moment, am I deeply stung——
my bold pretence is try'd ;
When vain man boasts, Heav'n puts to proof
the vauntings of his pride ;

Now need I, madam ! *your* support.—
how exquisite the smart ?

How critically tim'd the * news
which strikes me to the heart ?

The *pangs* of which I spoke, I feel :
if worth like thine, is born,
O *long* *belov'd* ! I bless the blow,
and triumph, whilst I mourn.

Nor mourn I long ; by *grief* subdu'd
be reason's empire shown ;
Deep anguish *comes* by heaven's decree,
continues by our own ;

And when continu'd past its point,
indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is disgrace, and, what was fate,
corrupts into a crime :

And shall I, criminally mean,
myself and subject wrong ?

No : my example shall support
The subject of my song.

* Whilst the author was writing this, he received the news of Mr *Richardson's* death, who was then printing the former part of the poem.

Madam ! I grant, your loss is great,
nor little is your gain ;
Let that be weigh'd ; when weigh'd aright,
it richly pays your pain ;

When heaven would kindly set us free,
and earth's enchantment end ;
It takes the most effectual means,
and robs us of a FRIEND :

But *such* a friend !——and sigh no more ?
'tis prudent ; but severe :
Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop
all sorrow——with this tear.

Perhaps your settled grief to soothe
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
had *he* been still alive ;

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief,
In my distress of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
and beautify'd a fault.

To touch our passion's secret springs,
was his peculiar care ;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In bosoms of the fair ;

Nature, which favours to the few
all *art* beyond imparts,
To him presented, at his birth,
the key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
 his gentle smooth address;
 His tender hand to touch the wound
 in throbbings of distress:

Howe'er, proceed I must, unblest'd
 with *Esculapian* art:
 Know, love sometimes, mistaken *love*!
 plays *disaffection's* part:

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
 can soul from soul divide;
 They correspond from distant worlds,
 tho' transports are deny'd;

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
 is not your love severe?

O! stop that crystal source of woe;
 nor wound *him* with a tear.

As those above from human bliss
 receive encrease of joy;
 May not a stroke from human woe,
 in part, their peace destroy?

He lives in those he left;—to what?
 your, now, *paternal* care,
 Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
 it will discern him there;

In features, not of form alone,
 but those, I trust, of mind,
 Auspicious to the public weal,
 and to their fate *resign'd*.

Think on the tempests *he* sustain'd ;
revolve his battles won ;
And let those prophesy your joy
from *such* a father's son :

Is consolation what you seek ?
fan, then, his martial fire ;
And animate to flame the sparks
bequeath'd him by his fire :

As nothing great is born in haste,
wise nature's time allow ;
His father's laurels may descend,
and flourish on his brow.

Nor, madam ! be surpriz'd to hear,
that laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(proud boasters !) than to you :

Tender as is the female frame,
like that brave man you mourn,
You are a *soldier*, and to fight
superior battles born ;

Beneath a banner nobler far
than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood ; a banner bright !
high-wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
an universal light ;
Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day
on nations whelm'd in night ;

Beneath that banner, what exploit
can mount our glory higher,
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
when those we love expire ?

Go forth a *moral* Amazon ;
arm'd with undaunted thought ;
The battle won, tho' costing dear,
you'll think it cheaply bought :

The passive hero, who sits down
unactive, and can smile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
out-acts a *Caesar's* toil :

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes,
inferior praise afford ;
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
more glorious than the sword.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
from shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
soft whispers of applause :

The *dear deceas'd* so fam'd in arms,
with what delight he'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
thus conquer'd, *twice*, by you ?

Share his delight ; take heed to shun
of bosoms most diseas'd
That odd distemper, an absurd
reluctance to be pleas'd :

Some seem in love with *sorrow's* charms,
and that foul fiend embrace :
This temper let me justly brand ;
and stamp it with disgrace :

Sorrow ! of horrid parentage !
thou second-born of hell !
Against Heaven's endless mercies pour'd
how dar'st thou to rebel ?

From black and noxious vapors bred,
and nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of *frenzy's* self
by perseverance brought.

Thy most inglorious, coward tears
from *brutal* eyes have ran ;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles !
are radiant marks of *man* ;

They cast a sudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face ;
And light in sons of honest joy
some beams of *Moses'* face :

Is *resignation's* lesson hard ?
examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
than anguish of the mind.

Resign ; and all the load of life
that moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
devolve on one above ;

Who bids us lay our burden down
on his almighty hands,
Softens our *duty* to *relief*,
to *blessing* a *command*.

For joy what cause? how ev'ry sense
is courted from above

The year around, with presents rich,
the growth of endless love?

But most overlook the blessings pour'd,
forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapt up in sense,
their prospect at the sun;

From that, *their* final point of view,
from that *their* radiant goal:

On travel infinite of thought,
sets out the nobler soul,

Broke loose from *time's* tenacious ties,
and *earth's* involving gloom,
To range at large its vast domain,
and talk with worlds to come:

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd
life's idle moments run;

And doing nothing for themselves,
imagine nothing done;

Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
amongst their darkest deeds;

Though man sits still, and takes his ease,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
to bless him, if *he* can.

But man consents not, boldly bent
to fashion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
repents his crime too late;

Hence loud laments: let me thy cause,
indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
not one by Thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair?
of *love* divine the child;
Love brought it forth; and from its birth,
has o'er it fondly smil'd:

Now, and thro' periods distant far,
long ere the world began,
Heav'n *is*, and *has* in travel been,
its birth the good of man;

Man holds in constant service bound
The blust'ring winds and seas;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard
their master, man, to please:

To final good the worst events
thro' secret channels run;
Finish for man their destin'd course,
as 'twas for man begun.

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
has often smote, and smites
My mind, as demonstration strong;
that Heaven in man delights;

What's known to man of things unseen,
of future *worlds* or *fates*?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
sublime affairs relates:

What's *revelation* then? a list,
an inventory just
Of that poor insect's goods, so late
call'd out of night, and dust.

What various motives to rejoice?
to render joy sincere,
Has this no weight? Our joy is felt
beyond this narrow sphere:

Would we in heav'n new heav'n create,
and double its delight?
A *smiling* world, when heav'n looks down,
how pleasing in its sight?

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
to hear its joyful lays,
As incense sweet enjoy, and join,
its aromatic praise.

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
of Heav'n's avenging rod?
When we presume to counteract
a *sympathetic* God?

If we *resign*, our patience makes
his rod an harmless wand;
If not, it darts a *serpent's* sting,
like that in *Moses'* hand;

Like that, it swallows up whate'er
earth's vain *magicians* bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love! the list how large
of blessings from thy hand?
To banish sorrow, and be blest,
is thy supreme command:

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
of bliss, shall we complain?
The man who *dares* to be a wretch,
deserves still greater pain:

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
the sunshine of the soul;
Our best encomium on the Pow'r
who sweetly plans the whole:

Joy is our *Eden* still possess'd:
begone, ignoble grief!
'Tis joy makes Gods, and men exalts,
their nature, our relief;

Relief for man to that must stoop,
and his due distance know;
Transport's the language of the skies,
content the style below.

Content is joy ; and joy in pain,
is joy and virtue too ;
Thus, whilst good present we possess,
more precious we pursue :

Of joy the more we have in hand,
the more have we to come ;
Joy, like our money, interest bears,
which daily swells the sum.

“ But how to smile ; to stem the tide
“ of nature in our veins ;
“ Is it not hard to weep in joy ?
“ what then to smile in pains ? ”

Victorious joy ! which breaks the clouds,
and struggles thro’ a storm,
Proclaims the mind as great as good,
and bids it doubly charm :

If doubly charming in our sex,
a sex, by nature, beld ;
What then in yours ? ‘Tis di’mond *there*,
triumphant o’er *our* gold.

And should not this complaint repress,
and check the rising sigh ?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp’d distort
ideas of delight,
Look thro’ the medium of a friend,
to set your notions right.

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
its object dark appears;
True friendship like a rising sun
the soul's horizon clears.

A friend's an *optic* to the mind
with sorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it strength of light to see
redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;
extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength,
assumes a female air:

A * friend you have, and I the same,
whose prudent, soft address,
Will bring to life those healing thoughts,
which dy'd in your distress;

That friend the *spirit* of my theme
extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the *dreg*, in thoughts
too common; such as these;

“ Let those lament, to whom full bowls
of sparkling joys are giv'n;
That triple bane inebriates life,
imbitters death, and hazards heav'n:

Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
'tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd reason sleeps, the pulse is king;
despotic *body* reigns:

* Mrs M————

Have you ne'er pity'd joy's gay scenes,
and deem'd their glory dark ?

Alas ! poor *envy* ! she's stone-blind,
and quite mistakes her mark :

Her mark lyes hid in *sorrow's* shades,
but sorrow well subdu'd ;

And in proud *fortune's* frown defy'd
by meek, *unborrow'd* good,

By *resignation* ; all in that
a double friend may find,

A *wing* to heav'n, and, while on earth,
the *pillow* of mankind :

On pillows void of down, for rest
our restless hopes we place ;

When hopes of heav'n ly warm at heart,
our hearts repose in peace :

The peace, which *resignation* yields,
who feel alone can guess ;

'Tis disbeliev'd by marm'ring minds,
they *must* conclude it less :

The loss, or gain, of *that* alone
have we to hope, or fear ;

That fate controuls, and can invert
the seasons of the year :

O ! the dark days, the year around,
of an *impatient* mind ;

Thro' clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
to shine on the *resign'd* :

While man by *that* of ev'ry grace,
and virtue, is possess'd ;
Foul *vice* her *pandaemonium* builds
in the *rebellious* breast.

By *resignation* we defeat
the worst that can annoy ;
And *suffer*, with far more repose,
than worldlings can enjoy.

From small experience this I speak ;
O ! grant to those I love,
Experience fuller far, ye pow'rs !
who form our fates above.

My love where due, if not to those
who leaving grandeur came
To shine on *age* in mean recess,
and light me to my theme ?

A theme themselves ! a theme, how rare ?
the charms, which they display,
To triumph over captive *heads*,
are set in bright array :

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
his boasted laurels die ;
Learning and *genius*, wiser grown,
to female bosoms fly.

This *revolution*, fix'd by fate,
in fable was foretold ;
The dark prediction puzzled *wits*,
nor could the *learn'd* unfold :

But as those * ladies works I read,
 they darted such a ray,
 The latent sense burst out at once,
 and shone in open day :

So burst full ripe, distended fruits,
 when strongly strikes the sun ;
 And from the purple grape unpress'd,
 spontaneous nectars run.

Pallas, ('tis said), when *Jove* grew dull,
 forsook his drowsy brain ;
 And sprightly leap'd into the throne
 of *wisdom's* brighter reign :

Her *helmet* took ; that is, shot rays
 of formidable wit ;

And *launce*,——or, genius most acute,
 which lines immortal writ ;

And *Gorgon shield*,——or, pow'r to fright
 man's folly, dreadful shone ;

And many a blockhead, (easy change !)
 turn'd, instantly, to stone.

Our authors male, as, *then*, did *Jove*,
 now scratch a damag'd head,

And call for what once quarter'd there,
 but find the goddesses fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit !
 that once forbidden tree,

Hedg'd in by surly man, is now
 to *Britain's* daughters free :

* Mrs M——. Mrs C——.

In *Eve* (we know) of fruit so fair
the noble thirst began ;
And they, like her, have caus'd a *fall*,
a fall of fame in man :

And since of genius in our sex,
O *Addison* ! with thee
The sun is set, how I rejoice
this sister lamp to see ?

It sheds. like *Cynthia*, silver beams
on man's *nocturnal* state ;
His lessen'd light, and languid pow'rs,
I *show*, whilst I relate.

RESIGNATION, &c.

P A R T II.

BUT what in either sex beyond
all parts our glory crowns ?
“ In ruffling seasons to be calm,
“ and smile while fortune frowns.”

Heav'n's choice is safer than our own ;
of ages past enquire,
What the most formidable fate ?
“ to have our own desire.”

If, in your *wrath*, the worst of foes
you wish extremely ill ;
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
or that of his own will.

What numbers rushing down the steep
of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in their ardent wish ?
wish ardent, ever wrong ?

'Tis *Resignation's* full reverse,
most wrong, as it implies
Error most fatal in our choice,
detachment from the skies.

By closing with the skies we make
Omnipotence our own ;
That done, how formidable *ill's*
whole army is o'erthrown ?

No longer impotent and frail,
ourselves above we rise :
We scarce believe ourselves below !
we trespass on the skies !

The Lord and soul and source of all,
whilst man enjoys his ease,
Is executing *human* will,
in earth, and air, and seas ;

Beyond us, what can angels boast ?
archangels what require ?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
is done as——*we* desire.

What glory this for man so mean,
whose life is but a span ?
This is meridian majesty !
this, the *sublime* of man !

Beyond the boast of pagan song
my sacred subject shines ;
And for a foil the lustre takes
of *Rome's* exalted lines.

“ All, that the sun surveys, subdue'd,
“ but *Cato's* mighty mind”——
How grand ? most true ; yet far beneath
the soul of the *resign'd* :

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
to *passion* that gives law ;
Its matchless empire could have kept
great *Cato's* pride in awe ;

That fatal *pride*, whose cruel point
transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler ! if his fate sustain'd
had left to heaven the rest ;

Then he the palm had borne away,
at distance *Cæsar* thrown ;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
and made the skies his own.

What cannot *Resignation* do ?
it wonders can perform ?
That pow'rful charm, *Thy will be done*,
can lay the loudest storm.

Come, *Resignation* ! then, from fields,
where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, blest'd martyrs' souls
ascended to their King :

Who is it calls thee ? One whose need
transcends the common size ;
Who stands in front against a foe
to which none equal rise :

In front he stands, the brink he treads
of an eternal state ;
How dreadful his appointed post !
how strongly arm'd by fate

His threat'ning foe ! what shadows deep
o'erwhelm his gloomy brow !
His dart tremendous !——at fourscore
my sole asylum, thou.

Haste, then, O *Resignation!* haste,
'tis thine to reconcile
My foe and me; at thy approach,
my foe begins to smile.

O! for that summit of my wish,
whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
a glorious smile in death:

What sight, heav'n's azure arch beneath,
bath most of heav'n to boast?
The man *resign'd*; at once serene,
and giving up the ghost.

At *death's* arrival they shall smile,
who not in life o'er gay,
Serious and frequent thought send out
to meet him on his way:

My gay coëvals! (such there are)
if happiness is dear;
Approaching death's alarming day
discreetly let us fear:

The fear of death is truly wise,
till wisdom can rise higher;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
death, dreaded once, desire:

Grand climacteric vanities
the vainest will despise;
Shock'd when beneath the snow of age,
man *immaturely* dies:

But am not I myself the man?
no need abroad to roam
In quest of faults to be chastis'd;
what cause to blush at home?

In life's decline, when men relapse
into the sports of youth,
The second child out-fools the first,
and tempts the lash of truth:

Shall a mere truant from the grave
with rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to sing,
and ape the poet's rage?

Here, madam! let me visit one,
my fault who, partly, shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
what more becomes our years;

And if your breast with prudent zeal
for *Resignation* glows,
You will not disapprove a just
resentment at its foes.

In youth, *V—taire*! our foibles plead
for some indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts, and aims,
should change their colour too:

How are you cheated by your wit?
old age is bound to pay,
By nature's law, a mind *discreet*,
for joys it takes away;

A mighty change is wrought by years,
reversing human lot ;

In *age* 'tis honour to ly hid,
its praise to be forgot ;

The wise, as flow'rs, which spread at noon,
and all their charms expose,

When ev'ning damps, and shades descend,
their evolutions close.

What tho' your muse has nobly soar'd,
is that our true sublime ?

Ours, hoary friend ! is to prefer
eternity to time :

Why close a life so justly fam'd
with such bold trash as * this ?

This for renown ? yes, such as makes
obscurity a bliss :

Your trash with mine at open war,
Is ‡ *obstinately* bent,

Like wits below, to sow your tares
of gloom and *discontent* :

With so much sunshine at command,
why light with darkness mix ?

Why dash with pain our pleasure ? why
your *Helicon* with *Styx* ?

Your works in our divided minds
repugnant passions raise,

Confound us with a double stroke,
we shudder, whilst we praise ;

* Candide.

‡ Second part.

A curious web, as finely wrought
as genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
with horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
with a disdainful air,
I can't forgive so great a foe
to my dear friend *V—taire* :

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
and long to praise him late ;
His genius greatly I admire,
nor would deplore his fate ;

A fate how much to be deplor'd,
at which our nature starts !
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
to perish by your parts :

" But great your name."—To feed on air
were then immortals born ?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
more glorious is the scorn.

Can fame your *carcase* from the worm
which gnaws us in the grave,
Or *soul* from that which never dies,
applauding *Europe*, save ?

But *fame* you lose ; *good sense* alone
your idol, praise can claim ;
When wild wit murders happiness,
it puts to death our fame ;

Nor boast your *genius*; talents bright
ev'n dunces will despise,
If in your *western* beams is mis'd
a genius for the skies:

Your *taste* too fails; what most exceeds
true taste must relish most;
And what, to rival *palms* above,
can proudest *laurels* boast?

'Sound heads salvation's * *helmet* seek,
resplendent are its rays,
Let that suffice; it needs no *plume*
of sublunary praise.

May this enable couch'd *V—taire*
to see that—† *All is right*,
His eye, by *flash* of wit struck blind,
restoring to its light;

If so, all's well: who much have err'd,
that much have been forgiv'n;
I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
“*V——taires* are, now, in heav'n.”

Nay, *such* philanthropy divine,
so boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(stoop most profound!) to me:

Let others cruel stars arraign,
or dwell on their distress;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
a grateful heart express:

* Ephes. vi. 17. † Which his romance ridicules.

Walking, the present GOD was seen,
of old, in *Eden* fair :

The GOD as present, by plain steps
of providential care,

I behold passing through my life ;
his awful voice I hear ;

And, conscious of my nakedness,
would hide myself for fear :

But where the *trees*, or where the clouds
can cover from his sight ?

Naked the center to that eye,
to which the sun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
through night illumin'd roll ;

May thoughts of *him* by whom they shine,
chace darkness from my soul ;

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
in my minute affairs,

As in his ample manuscript
of sun, and moon, and stars ;

And knows him not more bent aright
to wield that vast machine,

Than to correct one erring thought
in my small world within ;

A world that shall survive the fall
of all his wonders here ;

Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
and leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon *matter* gross, how bright it shines?
for *time* how great *his* care?

Sure *spirit* and *eternity*
far richer glories share;

Let those our hearts impress, on those
our contemplation dwell;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
by what I now shall tell?

When backward with attentive mind
life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myself beyond
propitious to my peace:

Through all the crooked paths I trod,
my folly he pursu'd;
My heart astray, to quick return
importunately woo'd:

Due *resignation* home to press
on my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet,
beneath the mask of ill?

How many foes in ambush laid
beneath my soul's desire?
The deepest penitents are made
by what we most admire.

Have I not sometimes (real good
so little mortals know!)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
profoundly plung'd in woe?

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
my plan's defeat to bless ;

Oft I lamented an event ;
it turn'd to my success :

By sharpen'd appetite to give
to good intense delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
he led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path,
which you are treading now ?
The path most gloomy leads to light,
when our proud passions bow :

When lab'ring under fancy'd ill,
my spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with sovereign draughts
of unimagin'd pain :

Pain'd *sense* from *fancy's* tyranny
alone can set us free,
A thousand miseries we feel,
'till sunk in misery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
our wish we relish less ;
Success, a sort of suicide,
is ruin'd by success.

Sometimes *he* led me near to death,
and pointing to the grave,
Bid *terror* whisper kind advice,
and taught the tomb to save,

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds
as spangles o'er us shine,
One day he *gave*, and bid the next
my soul's delight *resign*.

We to ourselves, but through the means
of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you descry
no features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuse
these self-recording lines;
A record, modestly forbids,
or to small bound confines.

In grief why deep ingulph'd? You see
you suffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate?
that wildom cannot bear.

When streams flow backward to their source,
and humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
then human sorrows end;

But human prudence too must cease,
when sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
and freezes into fear:

The pang most poignant of my life
now heightens my delight;
I see a fair creation rise
from *chaos*, and old *night*:

From what *seem'd* horror, and despair,
the richest harvest rose;
And gave me in the nod divine
an absolute repose.

Of all the blunders of mankind,
more gross, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy misplac'd,
eternally are shown.

But whither points all this parade?
it says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
which you should greatly prize :

Of *self-perusal*, science rare!
few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, *self-unread*, may read
their bibles o'er in vain :

Self-knowledge, which from heav'n it self
(so sages tell us) came,
What is it, but a daughter fair
of my *maternal* theme?

Unletter'd, and untravel'd men
an oracle might find,
Would they consult their *own contents*,
the *Delphos* of the mind.

Enter your bosom, there you'll find
a *revelation* new,
A revelation personal,
which none can read but you ;

There will you clearly read reveal'd
in your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
to fresh remembrance brought,

A mighty being ! and in him
a complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse ; no dread
of death, divorce, or end :

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
and lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
with other friends may part :

As when o'erloaded branches bear
large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
from the luxuriant vine.

My short advice to you may sound
obscure, or somewhat odd,
Tho' 'tis the best that man can give,
" Ev'n be content with GOD."

Thro' love he gave you the deceas'd,
thro' greater took him hence ;
This reason fully could evince,
tho' murmur'd at by sense.

This friend far past the kindest kind,
is past the greatest great ;
His greatness let me touch in points
not foreign to your state ;

His eye, this instant, reads your heart ;
a truth less obvious hear ;
This instant its most secret thoughts
are sounding in his ear :

Dispute you this ? O ! stand in awe,
and cease your sorrow ; know,
That tear *now* trickling down, *he* saw
ten thousand years ago ;

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
your temper reconcile
To reason's bound, will he behold
your prudence with a smile ;

A smile which thro' eternity
diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deifies ev'n guilt,
if guilt, at last, obeys :

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
when such a sov'reign reigns)
Your guilt diminish ; peace pursue ;
how glorious peace in pains !

Here, then, your sorrows cease ; if not,
think how unhappy they,
Who guilt encrease by streaming tears,
which guilt should wash away ;

Of tears that gush profuse restrain ;
whence burst those dismal sighs ?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(strange truth !) most happy rise ;

Not angels (bear it, and exult !)
 enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
 of God's impartial care ;

Anxious for each, as if on each
 his care for all was thrown ;
For all his care as absolute,
 as all had been but one.

And is *he* then so near ! so kind !——
 how little then, and great,
That riddle, man ? O ! let me gaze
 at wonders in his fate ;

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
 a worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother-worms, beneath
 a turf, to morrow sleep ;

How mean !—and yet if well obey'd,
 his mighty master's call,
The whole creation for *mean* man
 is deem'd a boon too small :

Too small the whole creation deem'd
 for emmets in the dust !
Account amazing ! yet most true ;
 my song is bold, yet just :

Man born for infinite, in whom
 no period can destroy
The pow'r in exquisite extremes,
 to *suffer*, or *enjoy* ;

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
 he's *beggar'd*, and undone!
Imprison'd in unbounded space!
 benighted by the sun!

For what the sun's meridian blaze
 to the most feeble ray
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
 of uncreated day?

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
 swells here, the vain to please;
The mind *most* sober kindles *most*
 at truths sublime as these;

They warm ev'n me.—I dare not say,
 divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
 nay fright us with its love;

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
 as that the *rending* rock,
The *darken'd* sun and *rising* dead,
 so formidably spoke?

And are we darker than that sun?
 than rocks more hard, and blind?
We are;—if not to such a God
 in agonies *resign'd*.

Yes even in agonies forbear
 to doubt almighty love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
 is mercy from above;

What most imbitters time, that most
eternity endears,
And thus by plunging in distress,
exalts us to the spheres;

Joy's fountain-head ! where bliss o'er bliss,
o'er wonders wonders rise,
And an *omnipotence* prepares
its banquet for the wise :

Ambrosial banquet ! rich in wines
nectareous to the soul !
What transports sparkle from the stream,
as angels fill the bowl ?

Fountain profuse of ev'ry bliss !
good will immense prevails ;
Man's line can't fathom its profound ;
an angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know,
who judge, nor dream of more ;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea ?
one sand, how wide the shore ?

Of thy exuberant good will,
offended Deity !
The thousandth part who comprehends,
a deity is he.

How yonder ample azure field
with radiant worlds is sown ?
How *tubes* astonish us with those
more deep in Ether thrown ?

And those beyond of brighter worlds
why not a million more?

In lieu of answer, let us all
fall prostrate and adore.

Since thou art infinite in pow'r,
nor thy indulgence less;
Since man quite impotent, and blind,
oft drops into distress;

Say, what is *Resignation*? 'Tis
man's weakness understood;
And wisdom grasping, with an hand
far stronger every good.

Let lash repiners stand appal'd,
in thee who dare not trust;
Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
are murmur'ing in the dust:

For man to murmur or repine
at what by thee is done,
No less absurd than to complain
of darkness in the sun.

Who would not, with an heart at ease,
bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and *goodness* at the helm,
the roughest ocean plough?

What, tho' I'm swallow'd in the deep?
tho' mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as *Jonah* safe
I'm landed, and adore:

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
its most tremendous form ;
Roar waves ! rage winds ! I know, that thou
canst save me *by* a storm.

From thee immortal spirits born,
to thee, their fountain. flow,
If wise ; as curl'd around to theirs
meand'ring streams below :

Not less compell'd by *reason's* call,
to thee our souls aspire,
Than to thy skies, by *nature's* law,
high mounts material fire ;

To thee aspiring they exult ;
I feel my spirits rise,
I feel myself thy son, and pant
for patrimonial skies :

Since ardent thirst of future good,
and gen'rous sense of past,
To thee man's *prudence* strongly ties,
and binds *affection* fast ;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
and men the wisest blind,
And blest our aim ; pronounce us all
distracted, or *resign'd* ;

Resign'd thro' duty, int'rest, shame ;
deep *shame* ! dare I complain,
When (wond'rous truth !) in heav'n itself
joy ow'd its birth to pain ?

And pain for me ! for me was drain'd
gall's overflowing bowl ;
And shall one drop, to murmur bold
provoke *my guilty* soul ?
If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime
can indignation raise ?
The sun was lighted up to shine,
and man was born to praise :
And when to praise the man shall cease,
or sun to strike the view ;
A cloud dishonours both ; but man's
the blacker of the two :
For oh ! ingratitude how black ?
with most profound amaze
At *love*, which man *belov'd* o'erlooks,
astonish'd angels gaze.
Praise cheers, and warms, like gen'rous wine ;
praise, more divine than pray'r :
Pray'r points our ready path to heav'n ;
praise is already there.
Let plausible *resignation* rise,
and banish all complaint ;
All virtues thronging into one,
it finishes the *saint* ;
Makes the *man* bless'd, as man can be ;
life's labours renders light ;
Darts beams thro' fate's incumbent gloom,
and lights our sun by night :
'Tis *nature's* brightest ornament,
the richest gift of *grace*,
Rival of angels, and supreme
proprietor of peace ;
V O L. I. G g

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
of rapture 'twill impart ;
Know, madam ! “ when your heart’s in heav’n,
“ all heav’n is in your heart.”
But who to heav’n their hearts can raise ?
deny’d divine support,
All virtue dies ; support divine
the wise with ardor court :
When *pray’r* partakes the *seraph’s* fire,
’tis mounted on his wing,
Bursts thro’ heav’n’s crystal gates, and gains
sure audience of its king.
The lab’ring soul from sore distress
that bless’d expedient frees :
I see you far advanc’d in peace ;
I see you on your knees :
How on that posture has the beam
divine for ever shone ?
And humble heart, GOD’s * *other* seat !
the rival of his throne.
And stoops Omnipotence so low ?
and condescends to dwell
Eternity’s inhabitant,
well-pleas’d, in such a cell ?
Such honour how shall we repay ?
how treat our *guest* divine ? —
The sacrifice supreme be slain !
let *self-will* die : resign.
Thus far, at large, on our *disease* ;
now, let the *cause* be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
the dismal human groan :

What our sole fountain of distress?
strong passion of this scene;
That trifles makes important, things
of mighty moment mean:
When earth's dark maxims poison shed
on our polluted souls,
Our hearts and int'rests fly as far
asunder, as the poles;
Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
unknown their royal race,
With abject aims, and sordid joys,
our grandeur we disgrace.
O! for an *Archimides* new,
of *moral* pow'rs possess'd
The world to move, and quite expel
that traitor from the breast.
No small advantage may be reap'd
from thought whence we descend;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
our origin and end:
From far above the glorious sun
to this dim scene we came:
And may, if wise, for ever bask
in great *Jehovah's* beam:
Let that bright beam on reason rous'd
in awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
and all disquiet dies:
Earth's glories too their splendor lose,
those phantoms charm no more;
Empire's a feather for a fool,
and *Indian* mines are poor:

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
the monarch and his slave;
Nor wait unlighten'd minds to learn
that lesson from the grave:
A *George* the third would *then* be low
as *Lewis* in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
than sparkles from a crown.
When human glory rises high
as human glory can;
When, though the king is truly great,
still greater is the *man*:
The man is *dead*, where virtue fails,
and though the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
is but a gaudy *shroud*.
Wisdom! where art thou? none on earth,
though grasping wealth, fame, pow'r,
But what, O *death*! through thy approach,
is wiser every hour;
Approach how swift! how unconfin'd!
worms feast on viands rare,
Those little *epicures* have kings
to grace their bill of fare:
From kings what *Resignation* due
to that Almighty will,
Which thrones bestows, and when they fail,
can throne them higher still?
Who truly great? the good, and brave,
the masters of a mind
The will divine to *do* resolv'd,
to *suffer* it resign'd.

Madam ! if that may give it weight,
the trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,
the border of the grave ;
Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
eternity's dread pow'r,
As bursting on it through the thin
partition of an hour.
Hear this, *V—taire* ! but this from me,
runs hazard of your frown ;
However spare it ; ere you die
such thoughts will be your own :
In mercy to yourself forbear
my notions to chastise,
Lest unawares the gay *V—taire*
should blame *V—taire* the wife :
Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
now makes us disagree ;
When a *far louder* trumpet sounds,
V—taire will close with me.
How shocking is that modesty,
which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest,
when brav'd by folly's pen.
Assaulting *truths*, of which in all
is sown the sacred seed ?
Our constitution's orthodox,
and closes with our creed :
What then are they, whose proud conceits,
superior wisdom boast ?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
and labour to be lost.

Tho' *vice*, by no superior joys
her *heroes* keeps in pay ;
Thro' pure *disinterested* love
of ruin they obey ;
Strict their devotion to the wrong,
tho' tempted by no prize ;
Hard their *commandments*, and their *creed*
a magazine of lies,
From *fancy's* forge : gay *fancy* smiles
at *reason* plain, and cool ;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
to make the finest fool.
V—taire ! long life's the greatest curse
that mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
of living is to live ;
Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
that birth-day of their sorrow ;
Knowing, it may be distant far,
nor crush them till—to-morrow.
These are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
beneath an humble cot ;
Not mine your genius, or your state, *U*
no * castle is my lot :
But *soon*, quite level shall we ly ;
and what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
as level as our bones.
Hear you that sound ? alarming sound !
prepare to meet your fate !
One, who writes *finis* to our works,
is knocking at the gate :

* Letter to lord Lyttleton.

Far other works will soon be weigh'd;
far other judges sit;
Far other crowns be lost, or won,
than fire ambitious wit:
Their wit far brightest will be prov'd,
who sunk it in *good sense*;
And veneration most profound
of dread Omnipotence.
'Tis that alone *unlocks* the gate
of *blest* eternity;
O! may'st thou never, never lose
that more than * *golden key*.
Whate'er may seem too rough, excuse;
your good I have at heart:
Since from my soul I wish you well,
as yet we must not part:
Shall you and I, in love with life,
life's *future* schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust,
that we are still alive?
What have *we* left? how mean in man
a shadow's shade to crave?
When life, so vain! is vainer still,
'tis time to take our leave:
Happier, than happiest life, his death,
who falling in the field
Of conflict with his *rebel will*,
writes *VICI* on his shield;
So falling man, immortal heir
of an eternal prize;
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
descends into the skies.

* Alluding to *Prussia*.

O ! how disorder'd our machine,
when contradictions mix ?

When *nature* strikes no less than twelve,
and *folly* points at six ?

To mend the *movements* of your heart,
how great is my delight ?

Gently to *wind* your morals up,
and set your *hand* aright ?

That hand, which spread your wisdom wide
to poison distant lands :

Repent, recant ; the tainted age
your *antidote* demands.

To *Satan* dreadfully *resign'd*
whole *herds* rush down the steep

Of folly, by lewd wits *possess'd*,
and perish in the deep.

Men's praise your vanity pursues ;
'tis well, pursue it still ;

But let it be of men *deceas'd*,
and you'll *resign the will* ;

And how superior *they* to those
at whose applause you aim,

How very far superior *they*
in number, and in name ?

P O S T S C R I P T.

THUS have I written, when to write
 no mortal should presume ;
 Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb :
 The Public frowns, and censures loud
 my puerile employ ;
 Though just the censure, if you smile,
 the scandal I enjoy ;
 But sing no more—no more I sing,
 or reassume the lyre,
 Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
 where *Raphael* leads the choir :
 What myriads swell the concert loud ?
 their golden harps resound
 High as the footstool of the throne,
 and deep, as hell profound ;
 Hell (horrid contrast !) chord, and song
 of raptur'd angels drowns
 In *self-will*'s peal of blasphemies,
 and hideous burst of groans ;
 But drowns them not to me ; I hear
 harmonious thunders roll
 (In language low of men to speak)
 from echoing pole to pole !
 Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—
 “ above, beneath the sun,
 “ Thro' boundless age, by men, by gods,
 “ *Jehovah*'s will be done.”
 'Tis done in heav'n ; whence headlong hur'd
self-will, with *Satan*, fell :
 And must from earth be banish'd too,
 or earth's another hell :

Madam ! *self-will* inflicts your pains ;
self-will's the deadly foe
 Which deepens all the dismal shades,
 and points the shafts of woe :
 Your debt to *nature* fully paid,
 now *virtue* claims her due ;
 But virtue's cause I need not plead,
 'tis safe ; I write to you :
 You know, that virtue's basis lyes
 in ever judging right ;
 And wiping error's clouds away,
 which dim the mental sight.
 Why mourn the dead ? you wrong the grave,
 from storm that safe resort ;
We are still tossing out at sea,
 our *admiral* in port.
 Was death deny'd, this world a scene
 how dismal, and forlorn ?
 To death we owe, that 'tis to man
 a blessing to be born ;
 When every other blessing fails,
 or sapp'd by slow decay,
 Or storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
 is swiftly whirl'd away ;
 How happy ! that no storm, or time,
 of death can rob the just ?
 None pluck from their unaching heads
 soft pillows in the dust ?
 Well-pleas'd to bear heav'n's darkest frown,
 your utmost pow'r employ ;
 'Tis noble chymistry to turn
necessity to jay.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
 my fate shall be my choice:
 Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
 to *praise* and to *rejoice*;
 What ample cause? triumphant hope!
 O rich *eternity*!
 I start not at a world in flames,
 charm'd with one glimpse of thee;
 And thou! its great inhabitant!
 how glorious dost thou shine?
 And dart thro' sorrow, danger, death,
 a beam of joy divine?
 The void of joy (with some concern
 the truth severe I tell)
 Is an *impenitent* in guilt,
 a *fool* or *infidel*.
 Weigh this, ye pupils of *V—taire*!
 from joyless *murmur* free;
 Or, let us know, which character
 shall crown you of the three.
 Resign, resign: this lesson none
 too deeply can intill;
 A crown has been resign'd by more,
 than have resign'd the will;
 Tho' *will* resign'd the meanest makes
 superior in renown,
 And richer in celestial eyes,
 than *He* who wears a crown:
 Hence in the bosom cold of age,
 it kindled a strange aim
 To shine in song; and bid me boast
 the * *grandeur* of my theme;

But oh! how far presumption falls
 its lofty theme below?
 Our thoughts in life's *December* freeze,
 and numbers cease to flow.
 First! greatest! best! grant what I wrote
 for others ne'er may rise
 To brand the writer; thou alone
 canst make our wisdom wise;
 And how unwise, how deep in guilt,
 how infamous the fault?
 "A *teacher* thron'd in pomp of words,
 "in deed, beneath the *taught*?"
 Means most infallible to make
 the world an infidel;
 And, with instructions most divine,
 to pave a path to hell.
 O! for a clean and ardent heart,
 O! for a soul on fire,
 Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
 where angels string the *lyre*!
 How cold is man? to him how hard
 (hard what most easy seems)
 "To set a just esteem on that,
 "which yet he——most esteems."
 What shall we say, when boundless bliss
 is offer'd to mankind,
 And, to that offer, when a race
 of rationals is blind?
 Of human *nature* ne'er too high
 are our ideas wrought;
 Of human *merit* ne'er too low
 depress'd the daring thought.
 The End of the FIRST VOLUME.



